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THE RIDE.

BY M. K.

Do you recollect the August day
We rode so far and we rode so fast,
And only the sunset bade us stay—
We rode together, first time and last!
Now, even in my dreams, the same
Wild, reckless gallop again we urge.
The sun is sinking, a ball of flame,
To the far horizon's level verge.

And on we fleet through the deepening glow,
The rose of the sunset on your face,
And the breeze about us as we go.
Our horses' hoofs in the tireless race
Make maddening music as we ride.
We never speak though we ride so near,
Though the windy plain is lone and wide,
And only the wind could ever hear.

You do not turn, and you do not tire;
So lightly your bridle rein you hold;
Your windblown hair by the sunset fire
Is touched with glimmers of ruddy gold.
Right on you look at the flashing west,
And peace is mine at my being's core,
Because I know that I love you best
Forever and ever and evermore.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

PRESENTLY, the inn door opened and several persons came out, attracted by the music, and they all stood and gazed at him in rustic astonishment. Among them were the landlord's wife and daughter, and the former, when he had finished, asked him to come in and take something to drink.

He was for refusing at first; but he remembered that he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and he followed them in.

"You're a mighty fine player, my man," said the landlord, leaning across the tiny bar, and nodding his big, bald head. "Dunno as I ever heard a better, not even in Lunnon. Order what you like."

Heriot asked for some bread and cheese, and a glass of water, the liquor part of the order astonished the landlord more than the playing, and Heriot, seating himself in the scrupulously clean public parlor, ate his supper with a sense of satisfaction and content as novel as it was amazing. After supper, he offered to play again. The news of his arrival had drawn a small crowd in and around the house, and Heriot took his violin to the door and played there. Then, when he had finished, he handed round his hat, pocketed the coppers, with infinite gravity, and put the violin in his case.

"Hadn't you better stop the night, mister?" said the landlord, invitingly. "We can give you a bed, and you can pay for it with some more music."

But Heriot declined, and marched off.

It was a lovely night, and its peace and beauty entered into his soul. He marched through the sweet-smelling lanes for a greater part of the night, until a hay field tempted him to repose, and he fell asleep in the middle of a fragrant mound.

He slept as he had not slept for years, and was awakened by the arrival of the farmer and his men, who were rather inclined to resent his presence. But their resentment vanished when he took out his violin and began to play; and, though they worked while he played, they stopped now and again to give him a word of applause and encouragement; and, when some women came with the breakfast, the farmer invited him to join them.

After breakfast, Heriot rose, and took off his coat.

The farmer laughed, but eyed the slim, muscular figure with approval.

"Whoever heard of a fiddler bein' any good at hay-making!" he said. "Best go on playin'; we can work all the heartier."

"Presently," said Heriot, and he took a fork and set to work. The farmer eyed him covertly and critically; but, after a time, came up to him and dealt him a mighty blow on the back.

"Darned if you don't handle the fork a'most as well as the fiddle-bow, my man!" he exclaimed, with a guffaw; "an' you a Lunnon man, if I'm not mistook! You've got some thews and sinews, too, though you be so like a race horse to look at. What's your name, young man?"

"I'm called Fiddler Dick," said Heriot, gravely.

"Well, Fiddler Dick, you be main welcome," said the farmer, with a hearty nod, as he strode off to his place in the line.

At lunch time, a number of women and children came into the field, bringing the food, which he shared with the rest of the men.

The women and children eyed him curiously, and rather suspiciously, for his handsome face and graceful bearing puzzled them; and, when your rustic is puzzled, he is always suspicious. But when he had finished his meat pasty and bread and cheese, he took out his violin and began to play. The men stretched themselves out, with their pipes, and the women and children gradually drew nearer, and seated themselves around him.

The sun was shining brightly; the air was perfumed with the newly-made hay. Notwithstanding the aching longing in his heart, the mute cry for Eva, which seemed echoing through him, he was happier than he had ever been before. The old, vicious, artificial life of London seemed to fade away behind him.

Presently, he had the misfortune to break a string. He laid the violin down, and began to sing. How often had the exquisite voice rang out notes of a comic song, accompanied by the yelling chorus of half-intoxicated men! He sang no music hall ditty here, in this sunlit hay field, but a simple ballad—a poor thing, from a classical point of view, if you will; but its simple, direct music went straight to the hearts of these equally simple people, and, as they listened, in profound silence, some of the women let their heads fall on their bosoms, or turned away to hide their tears.

And as he sang a tiny mite, a little girl, climbed down from her mother's knee, and with slow steps approached Heriot, and nestling against his knee, looked up into his face, her blue eyes entranced and fascinated him.

The child's trust and confidence in him almost brought the song to a sudden stop. He laid his hand on her head, and looked down at her with a smile, and a lump came into his throat when, as he concluded the song, she lisped—

"I like 'oo; will 'oo let me kiss 'oo?"

A young girl who had sat listening with wide open eyes, and cherry lips ajar, blushed and called to the child chidingly, but Heriot shook his head, and, taking the mite on his knee, kissed her.

As he did so the memory of other and less innocent kisses flashed through his mind, and his face paled. He half expected the child to read his mind and shrink away from him, but she only nestled closer, and, as she put her arm round his neck, whispered:

"Is 'oo cold? Sing to me again, and I'll go to sleep."

Heriot struggled with the lump in his throat, and sang again. Then he laid the sleeping child on the haycock, and, catching up his fork, fell to work again.

Changed indeed! And all through an innocent girl!

Like the landlord of the inn, the farmer would have had him stay, but Heriot decided to go on, though reluctantly.

"Well, well, I've heard as how you wandering folks can't abide any place for long," said the farmer, "and, if you must go, go you must. Anyway, here's a day's wages. You've earned it, my lad." Heriot took it, and turned the three shillings over in his hand with a strange feeling. For the first time in his life he felt the pleasure which the laborer feels in his hire.

He slept in a barn that night, and at sunrise took to the tramp again.

He chose no road, but—was it altogether unconsciously?—his steps tended towards Averleigh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HE traveled slowly, walking mostly, but sometimes accepted a lift from a friendly carter or some farmer driving to or from market. The days passed, and carried with them the old wild dissipated life, the days came, and each confirmed the change wrought in him by the magic of love.

He was a new man—softened by contact and sympathy with the poor, and the simple-minded, honest hearted country folks. Wherever he went he was made welcome, not only on account of his wonderful violin and the musical voice, but by reason of his handsome face and frank, kindly manner.

With the women and children he was an especial favorite, and many a girl's heart ached with a keen regret when he took his leave of some village circle in which he had been persuaded to stay for a day or two. The children, after a few moments of shyness, would always cluster round him, and often when he spent the night in some laborer's cottage, some mite of a child would fall asleep on his knee.

As the weeks grew into months, and the summer gave place to autumn, he began to realize the change, and with a new leap of the heart to hope that the time might come when he could go to Eva and tell her of the change in him.

He knew exactly what he would say, for had he not often rehearsed the scene as he tramped along under the moon, his violin under his arm, his old pipe in his mouth, his heart full of his love. He would go to her and say:

"I have done with the past life; I have kept my promise. It is to you I owe the change in me, the reformation. If you will, but stoop and take me, my queen, my love!"

And then he would ask himself what her answer would be, and grow pale and tremble, for this love had grown during his solitary wandering until it had engrossed and absorbed him.

One evening, as the sunset was turning the autumn leaves to gold and bronze, he walked into Averleigh village.

He had changed in appearance as well as in heart and mind, and even his father and Lady Janet would have found some difficulty in recognizing in the sun-burnt traveler, with the close clipped beard and grave thoughtful eyes, the Heriot Fayne whose extravagances had made him a byword and a reproach.

He was tired and dusty, for he had walked since the morning with only a short rest, and he dropped on to the bench outside the inn, and looked up at the swinging sign of the Averleigh arms with a thoughtful smile.

There was rather a noisy party in the inn, and when, after a while, he entered he found that the parlor was full of rough-looking men, having the appearance of miners. Then he remembered the copper mine Stannard had discovered for Eva's father, and understood.

He called for a glass of ale, and took out his violin. The men seemed disinclined to listen at first, but after a few moments they stopped their talking and card playing, and were attentive enough. A roar of applause and a stamping of feet and knocking of tables rewarded him, and he was invited to drink by half a dozen voices at once, and, as politely, requested to go on playing.

He declined the drinks, but played again, the audience displaying a still closer attention.

While he was in the middle of one of Gounod's airs—he always played the best music, and always found it most appreciated—the door opened, and a man came in, carrying a gun, and followed by a dog.

Heriot knew that it must be a keeper, and noticed that the miners looked scowlingly at him, and then at each other significantly.

The man looked round at them with a grim moroseness, called for a glass of ale, and, after drinking it, was going out, but paused as if he seemed reluctant to leave the music.

As he stood leaning against the door Heriot watched the haggard face, and saw its expression of moroseness and dejection soften and melt as it were. Then the man turned suddenly, caught Heriot's eyes upon him, and, as if ashamed of his emotion, scowled round generally, and, calling to the dog, went out.

The men looked at each other, and laughed shortly.

"What's he want here?" said one. "Come smelling round, I suppose. Pity you didn't take out them snares, Bill, and show 'im. Perhaps he'd like to see this 'un too," and he pulled a leveret from his capacious jacket pocket. There was a roar of laughter at the speaker's effrontery, and in the midst of it Heriot got up and went out thinking, with a smile how amazed they would have been if he had said quietly:

"Did you poach that from my father's preserves?"

It was a lovely night. The young moon had risen while he had been playing in the inn, and he could see the chimneys of White Cot. His heart beat fast, as he walked slowly down the street and, of course, towards the house.

Perhaps, at that moment, she was there, in the drawing room, with her father's friends. Had she forgotten their ride over the London common, and his wild words? Or, perhaps, she remembered them only to smile at them. No, no, that was wronging her sweet, tender nature. She could not laugh at him.

Thinking of her, picturing her, he reached the Little Moor. He stood on the edge of the old quarry, and looked down at it with interest. Its aspect had considerably changed since the day Eva and Stannard had visited it. Its rugged surface was burrowed and undermined; big heaps of stone and rubble rose from the plain; a huge water wheel reared itself grotesquely in the moonlight, and cast its shadow upon workmen's huts and upturned barrows. The place, which had once been symbolical of quiet and peace, now looked like the scene of disorder and disturbance.

As he gazed absently at the mine workings, a man rose from behind a mound of newly turned earth and stone, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was doing there. It was the keeper.

"Not poaching," said Heriot, with a

smile. The keeper—it was Ralph Forster—recognized him, and nodded.

"There's enough of that game already," he said.

"The miners, you mean," said Heriot.

Forster nodded, curtly. "Yes, they are always at it. I've little doubt half of them have got a hare, or a rabbit, or a bird in their pockets at this moment."

Heriot could scarcely suppress a smile at the correctness of the man's surmise.

"You are Lord Averleigh's keeper?" he said.

"Yes," said Forster, gloomily. He took out his pipe.

"Plenty of hard work, now?" said Heriot.

"Yes; night and day. But it's quiet to-night. They are all down at the inn."

"Afraid of the moon?"

The keeper nodded. "That's it. I wish this mine was at the bottom of the sea." He jerked his head downwards. "And I'm thinking it would be as much good there as here."

Heriot looked at him with some surprise.

"Do you mean that it is not paying?"

Forster flushed, and pursed his lips as if he were sorry he had spoken.

"I don't know anything about it," he said, sullenly. "I'm a game keeper, not a miner. Hush!" and he suddenly drew Heriot back into the shade.

Heriot, following the man's eyes, saw a figure moving amongst the debris at the bottom of the quarry.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's all right," said Forster. "It's the owner, Mr. Winsdale."

As he spoke, Mr. Winsdale looked upwards, and Heriot started at the change which the few months had wrought in the face. It looked old and haggard in the moonlight. He stood gazing round him pensively, dejectedly; then, with a nervous, restless movement, he climbed the steep path, and slowly disappeared in the direction of the house.

"Looks as if he were of my way of thinking," said Forster, grimly. "Anyway, it's no business of mine—or yours. You play that fiddle very well," he added, glancing at the violin-case, wistfully.

"You are fond of music?" said Heriot. "I saw that by your face when you were at the inn, just now."

Ralph Forster nodded. "I am," he said, curtly.

"See here," said Heriot, seating himself. "I'll play to you when I've finished this pipe, if you'll do me a service, and recommend me to a clean bed to-night."

"There's the inn——"

"A trifle too noisy," said Heriot, grimly.

Forster sat himself down, considered for a moment, then he said—

"I know a place. It's a cottage belonging to some friends of mine. I live with them. There's a bit of a spare room you might have. You look respectable——"

"I am," said Heriot, with perfect gravity. "Thanks, that will do capitally. We'll go on there——"

"After you've played," said the man, rather shyly.

"Oh, yes; a bargain's a bargain," assented Heriot, and the two men sat and smoked their pipes in silence.

At this moment, a lady and gentleman were slowly walking across the moor in the direction of the mine.

They were Eva and Stannard Marshbank.

"Are you sure that my father came this way?" she said, breaking a silence which had been maintained for some minutes.

She had thrown her cape over her shoulders and drawn the hood over her head in place of a hat, and the lovely face looked bewitchingly sweet in its frame of soft, white fur.

Stannard Marshbank has been stealing a covert glance at it as they had come along, and every glance had set his heart beating more fiercely. The passion with which every nerve of his body had been palpitating for months past was burning hotly to-night, and filling his soul with a wild tumult. For he told himself that the time for which he had been working had come; the hour in which he was to have closed the net he had been weaving round this girl who walked beside him so unsuspiciously.

"Quite sure. He told me that he was going to stroll down to the mine."

Eva sighed.

"The mine," she said, slowly. "It is always the mine! I sometimes wish——" she paused. "But I must not say that, for it would be ungrateful to you. But, ah! can you not see how changed my father has become! Sometimes I wonder whether all the wealth in the world could have power to restore him to his old light hearted, careless contentment. And contentment is happiness."

"Do not be alarmed," he murmured. "Your father is anxious, of course. It has been, still is, an anxious time; but I trust we are nearing the end of all uncertainty, and that, in a very few, short weeks——"

Eva sighed.

"That is what he is always saying," she said, almost inaudibly. "If it would only come. If I could only see him less harassed and troubled—— But I beg your pardon. I ought not to trouble you with my worries, Mr. Marshbank."

He drew a little closer to her, and his pale eyes gleamed.

"Do not say that," he said. "No trouble, no anxiety, no joy of yours can be a matter of indifference to me! Miss Winsdale—Eva—have you not seen—guessed—how it is with one?"

He had stopped, and was looking at her with a feverish eagerness, a breathless anxiety. Eva stood still, and raised her eyes with astonishment. Then, as she met his gaze, she shrank back, and a faint exclamation rose from her parted lips—

"Mr. Marshbank!"

"Are you so surprised?" he said, his voice hurried and tremulous, under the tense strain of his passion. "Have I guarded my secret so well? It must be so, if you have not seen, not guessed. And yet I feared daily that my love, and all-absorbing love for you, would discover itself in some chance glance or word. Eva, I love you with all my heart and soul! I love you more dearly than life itself. You are all the world to me! All my heart is given to you—wholly, irrevocably! I feel that I live only when I am near you; when I am from your side I count the hours till I shall see you, hear your sweet voice again——"

He paused breathlessly, and Eva, by a movement of her hand, tried to stop him; but he went on again with quivering lips and gleaming eyes.

"Don't—don't give me an answer unthinkingly, abruptly! Bear with me; listen to me. You do not know—cannot know—how much your answer means to me. It means life long happiness or life-long misery. I tell you, no man ever loved a woman as I love you! I am no school-boy, struggling with his first calf love. I am a man of the world—ambitious, not easily turned aside. I know my heart. I know how dearly, how madly, I love you——"

"Oh! hush—hush!" she panted, at last. His insistence, his pale face and trembling lips, the mad torrent of his words, frightened her, and filled her with repugnance. "I—I did not know—I did not know!" She pressed her hand to her heart, and shrank back from him. "Please, believe that! If I had known—had imagined—that——"

"That I love you, you would have avoided me," he said, clenching his teeth. "I knew it, and so I guarded my secret well. I told myself that I would wait until I had tried to win your love, and I have waited. But what has it cost me? And now—now that I have told you—now that I plead, as a man pleads for his life!—Eva, you will not say 'no!' You will try to love me; you will be my wife."

She drew the hood more closely around her face—it was as pale as his own now—and looked up at him sadly, almost with self-reproach. He winced; he saw her answer in her eyes, and stretched out his hand as if to put it away from him.

"Don't—don't speak!" he said, hoarsely. "Wait! Consider! Why—why should you not—not try to love me. Why should you not be my wife? I—I am not hateful in your sight."

"No—no!" she murmured. "But——"

"Stay!" he pleaded. "If I am not hateful. If there is no one else." As he spoke she started slightly—so slightly that he did not notice the movement.

"There cannot be anyone else!" he said, almost fiercely. "I have watched; I have been with you; have seen—should have known. There is no one else, Eva, then——"

Suddenly, breaking into his hoarse appeal, there wafted across the moor a strain of exquisite melody. So suddenly, so unexpectedly, that they both started, then stood silent, and gazed in the direction from which it came.

In Stannard's ears it rang discordantly, jarringly, for it came between him and his purpose; but on Eva the strange music fell with a singular, subtle influence. It seemed to sing like a song, to breathe in every soft chord the words she had heard Heriot Fayne whisper to her.

"Yes, I will keep my word to you!" It was Heriot Fayne's voice that the music seemed to be wafting across the silent moor. "Perhaps—perhaps, some day, if I win the fight; if I am less unworthy to come near you, I may come to ask your forgiveness for what I have said to-day." And then the music whispered tenderly, tremulously, "I love you! I love you!"

The violin ceased. She woke from the spell it had cast over her and turned to Stannard Marshbank to say, "No—no! I can never be your wife!" when her father came upon them.

"Eva—Stannard," he said, in the voice of a man startled out of a fit of abstraction.

Eva sprang to him, with a breathless "Father!" but, as she did so, Stannard bent and whispered, huskily, "Do not tell him! I will wait. You shall give me your answer in an hour."

Then, mastering his voice, which still sounded harsh and strained, he said with a forced laugh—

"Miss Winsdale and I have been listening to some waits—waits before their time."

"It is a man playing the violin on the edge of the mine," said Mr. Winsdale, with a little shiver. "It—it sounds weird and ghostly. I hope it is not a bad omen; a dirge of coming disaster."

Stannard Marshbank glanced at the worn, anxious face sharply, and a sinister smile curved his lips for a moment. There was an indication of conscious power in the smile, which would have startled Mr. Winsdale, if he had seen it.

"She cannot escape me!" was the thought that shot through his brain, as he made a laughing response.

When he had reached the house, Eva drew her arm from her father's and hurried up the stairs. Stannard Marshbank looked after her for a moment, then he turned to Mr. Winsdale.

"Shall we go into the study?" he said. "I have something to say to you."

His voice was firm enough now, and there was, indeed, a touch of menace in its tone towards the man he had betrayed.

"Eh? Yes—yes. Is it about the mine?" said Mr. Winsdale, and he led the way into the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR WINSDALE sank into a chair, and motioned Stannard Marshbank into another; but he went to the fireplace, and, leaning his arm on the mantleshelf, looked at the fire, gravely and thoughtfully, as if he were reluctant to begin.

Mr. Winsdale passed his hand over his forehead with a weary little gesture.

"What is the matter—for I can see that something is the matter, Marshbank? Is it something wrong with the mine? If so, I am not altogether unprepared. I am not quite blind, or quite stupid, and I have noticed the manner of the men, and overheard their talk now and again."

Stannard Marshbank glanced at him ra her quickly.

"Overheard them talk? What have they said?" he asked.

Mr. Winsdale made an impatient movement of his white hand.

"I can scarcely put it definitely," he said. "But it seemed to me that they were—were"—his voice grew husky—"were laughing at the mine, and scoffing at its prospects. Eh, what did you say?"

But Stannard Marshbank had not spoken.

"I do remember one man saying, with an oath, that it was a 'swindle.' What did he mean, Marshbank?"

Stannard shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head.

"I don't know. I never pay attention to anything that class of men say."

Mr. Winsdale smiled mirthlessly.

"And yet you are a popular favorite, and are supposed to believe in the workingman! But what is it you wanted to say to me? Is it bad news? Judging from your manner, I should say it is."

Stannard shook his head, solemnly.

"It is," he said. "Very bad news. I am afraid that we have made a mistake about the mine."

"A mistake!" Mr. Winsdale's face went pale. "How a mistake?"

"I am afraid that we have made a grave blunder," replied Stannard. "I cannot account for it; it seems extraordinary; but—but I am afraid that the thing is a failure."

"A failure?" Mr. Winsdale's lips twitched. "How a failure?"

"I fear that the copper is not there, or, at any rate, not there in sufficient quantity to warrant our going on with the working."

Francis Winsdale controlled himself. He felt tempted to spring from his chair and cry aloud; but he gripped the arms and sat silent, his eyes fixed on the suave face of his friend.

"I cannot account for it," continued Stannard. "Everything looked so promising at the commencement, and the assayer's report was so altogether satisfactory. By the way, you have that report?"

Mr. Winsdale nodded in a confused way, then he shook his head.

"No, I have not," he said, huskily. "I gave it to you the other day. You wanted to show it to someone—one of the men who advanced the money."

"Yes, I remember," said Stannard. "But I returned it to you, did I not?"

Mr. Winsdale shook his head.

"No, I think not; I don't remember." He passed his hand over his brow. "I feel confused, bewildered. If you did, I have it amongst my papers somewhere."

"It does not matter," said Stannard, feeling immensely relieved; he had the report in his pocket at that moment. "All the assayers in the world would not alter the facts, or put the copper there. And it isn't there now, and, I'm afraid, never will be."

Mr Winsdale rose, then sank down again.

"Then the men are right," he said. "No copper there! And—and——" Then he began to realize his position, and groaned, "Good God, Marshbank, I am a ruined man!"

Stannard Marshbank stared at the fire.

"It is not so bad as that, I hope, sir," he murmured.

"But I tell you it is!" exclaimed Mr. Winsdale, hoarsely. "Have you forgotten? Don't you see, understand? I have borrowed money on the estate far and away above its value, now that there is no copper on it, and—and how am I to pay it back?"

"You have some means beyond the land?" suggested Stannard.

"No! I have nothing—a mere nothing. If I am sold up—and, of course I shall be!—I shall be a pauper, a beggar!"

Stannard looked full of regret and horror.

"And I have done this!" he said, with well simulated self-reproach. "If I had not found the piece of ore; if I had not believed in the assay——"

"No—no!" said Mr. Winsdale. "It is I who am to blame; but it does not matter. It is of no use apportioning the blame. The question is—What is to be done?"

Stannard sighed heavily.

"I am sure I don't know," he said. "It is hopeless to attempt to keep the fiasco a secret. All the men know it by this time; may have known it from the beginning."

"No," assented Mr. Winsdale, despairingly. "It cannot be kept secret. All the world will know it—may know it now. Thank Heaven! It did not make it into a company. I am the only person who will be ruined. I have to thank you for that, at any rate, Marshbank. No widows and orphans will suffer through my folly. Only myself, and—good—God, I was forgetting Eva!"

He rose, white and trembling.

"Eva! I have ruined her! I shan't have a penny to leave her! Oh! what shall I do?" and he gripped his hands tightly.

Stannard watched him.

"Mr. Winsdale——"

"Stop! Don't speak. Let me think for a moment! What is the use of thinking, if I am ruined, penniless! What will become of her!" He paced the room, with hurried, faltering steps.

Stannard Marshbank went to him, and touched him on the arm.

"Won't you sit down, sir?" he said. "For heaven's sake, don't give way!"

"Don't give way!" Mr. Winsdale laughed bitterly and brokenly. "I tell you that I am ruined! The men who have lent their money will call it in. I cannot pay it I—we—shall be turned out of house and home——"

"Stop, sir," said Stannard, in a firm voice. "Will you sit down and listen to me? I have something of great importance to say; of greater importance to me than to you."

Struck by his tone, Francis Winsdale dropped into the chair, and listened, with his face bowed in his hands.

Stannard Marshbank cleared his throat. "Mr. Winsdale," he said, in a low voice, "you have been so engrossed by the mine, that I think you have not seen, noticed, that which I thought could scarcely escape your eyes. Mr. Winsdale, for the last few months I have been in your—Miss Winsdale's—society, constantly. I do not think any man, with a heart in his bosom, and capable of appreciating Eva's—Miss Winsdale's—beauty, amiability, and moral worth, could be with her, day after day, as I have been without losing his heart to her." He paused, and Mr. Winsdale

dropped his hands from his face, and looked at him in astonishment.

"To speak with absolute accuracy," said Stannard, "I have loved Eva since the night I met her at the Court. I do not think any man could love a woman better than I love her. I have not spoken to you, for reasons which you can well understand. Mr. Winsdale, I have always felt that I was not worthy of her. Miss Winsdale could look much higher than Stannard Marshbank. She is worthy to be the wife of any man; however high his rank, however great his wealth. Until lately, I was a poor man, struggling for a place in the world. Even when my uncle made me his heir, I felt that I was not a fitting match for so beautiful, so charming, a girl as your daughter. When I made the discovery which I thought would make her an heiress, I will own to you that I suffered many a pang."

He sighed, and shook his head.

Mr. Winsdale listened in silence; his brain was in a whirl.

"As an heiress of vast wealth, Eva would have been placed still farther beyond my reach. But now, now that this disappointment has occurred, now that this misfortune has befallen her and you, I feel that I may speak without, at any rate seeming too presumptuous. I love Eva with all my heart, and, if you will give her to me, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

Mr. Winsdale looked at him, speechlessly, for a moment or two, then he said, in a low and trembling voice—

"This is a surprise to me! I have seen nothing, noticed nothing. The mine has been all my thought; it has entirely engrossed me. Even now I can scarcely realize it; and yet Eva is not a child; she is a woman, I know, and it is only natural that you, or someone else, should think of her as a wife. Yes, she is a woman, now; but, being a woman, she will know her own mind. Have you any reason to think that she will accept you? Have you spoken to her?"

Stannard Marshbank inclined his head gravely. "Yes," he said, "I am almost ashamed to say that I have spoken to her. I ought to have come to you first, I know that; it was your due. But, to night, as we were coming across the moor, in search of you; my love for her overmastered my resolution, and I told her—I asked her to be my wife."

"And what did she say?" asked Mr. Winsdale, in a low voice.

Stannard Marshbank avoided the father's anxious eyes.

"She did not give me any definite answer," he said. "Indeed, I begged her not to do so until I had spoken to you."

"But you think—what do you think?" asked Mr. Winsdale.

"I do not know," said Stannard, modestly. "I feel so unworthy of her love, of a single thought of hers—she is so innocent, so different to the usual run of women—that I am sure she has never suspected my love for her."

"No," said Mr. Winsdale. "She is a child at heart."

"But," continued Stannard, watching him out of the corners of his eyes, "if I may speak frankly, I would say that her decision rests with you."

"With me?" echoed Mr. Winsdale.

"Yes," said Stannard, in a suave, insinuating voice. "She is so devoted to you, she relies so entirely on your judgment in all matters, that I am convinced that if you were to favor my suit she would consent."

Mr. Winsdale rose and paced the room.

Now, up to this moment he had rather liked Stannard Marshbank, than otherwise, but liking a man, and being willing to give him your daughter are two very different things. His suspicion, his doubt of Stannard Marshbank, which he had experienced on first seeing him, flashed on him now. It was a vague, indefinite doubt and suspicion, and he thrust it away from him.

After all, what was there against the man? He had seen a great deal of him during the past few months, and nothing to his discredit. Why should he not make Eva happy? Besides, the marriage would be their salvation! He sank into the chair again, with his head leaning on his hand, his face hidden.

Stannard Marshbank had watched him closely, like a man playing a fish. He had given him time; he now tightened the line.

"I will say nothing on my own behalf, Mr. Winsdale," he said. "You have seen a great deal of me lately, and with your penetration and perspicacity, I have no doubt that you know more of me than even I know of myself. I think I may say that I shall make Eva a good husband if you will give her to me."

"I am sure——" faltered Mr. Winsdale.

"Yes," continued Stannard, in a smooth silky voice. "Every thought of my life shall be devoted to securing her happiness. Of my prospects, my position, you are fully informed. I shall be a fairly rich man. If Heriot Fayne should not marry and have a son I shall succeed to the title——"

"While I am a beggar, and Eva is penniless!" said Mr. Winsdale bitterly, "The contrast is marked enough."

"Not so," said Stannard. "You will not be penniless, sir, for you must let me take this affair of the mine upon my shoulders."

Mr. Winsdale started, and murmured, "No, no?"

"Yes," said Stannard, earnestly. "I cannot but feel that I am to blame for this misfortune which has befallen you. It has, indeed, been my doing. You see, I believed in it so thoroughly."

"Yes, and I, too," Mr. Winsdale groaned.

"I have been the prime mover in the affair from the beginning. It was I who obtained the mortgage. I who arranged all the details. I who, so to speak, encouraged you to follow this undertaking. It was only right and just that I should accept the responsibility."

"No, no!" murmured Mr. Winsdale again.

"But I say yes! Even if I had not fallen in love with Eva I should have felt it my duty to have come to your assistance at the sad, this critical moment.

He spoke like a noble-hearted young man; and Mr. Winsdale felt that he ought to be touched by such generosity.

"Now," said Stannard. "I have sufficient money, or, at any rate, can raise it to take over this mortgage in its entirety."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the gentlemen in the City, the syndicate, existed only in Mr. Marshbank's imagination, and that he himself held the mortgage, and Eva's fate, in his own hands.

"I cannot! I cannot permit it!" said Mr. Winsdale. Then he hesitated, and hid his face again.

Stannard Marshbank smiled to himself; the fish was nearly exhausted.

"The day I marry Eva," he said slowly and softly. "I place this mortgage in your hands. I will, of course, in addition, make any settlement you may think proper; therefore, if Eva will accept me, this trouble will have disappeared, and you will be able to return to the old, and pleasant life, which is so peculiarly suited to you."

The prospect, how alluring it was to the harassed, troubled man! He thought of Eva, and asked himself whether she loved Stannard Marshbank, but put the answer from him. To be rid of this mountain of debt, to be rescued from absolute poverty, to have the old life of ease and self indulgence restored to him; Francis Winsdale was certainly the last man in the world to resist such a temptation at such a moment.

And why shouldn't Eva love Stannard Marshbank? He was not a hunchback, deformed; he was young, a rising man, with a prospect of wealth, and one of the oldest titles in England.

"It all rests with you," said Stannard, drawing nearer to him, and leaning over him. "She will do just what you say." He spoke almost in a whisper. "She will be absolutely guided by you. You have but to say—'I wish you to marry Stannard,' and she will marry me."

His left hand dropped lightly, but persuasively, on Mr. Winsdale's shoulder.

"Why should you hesitate? I am not worthy of her, I know; but though she may not love me now—of course I do not know, perhaps—I hope she does love me—but if she should not, surely such love as mine will win hers in return. I will make her happy. Come!"

His tone hardened slightly, and assumed just a touch of command—

"She has gone to her room now, go to her and tell her that you wish her to marry me."

He had gone almost too far.

Though a thoroughly selfish man, Mr. Winsdale was not utterly devoid of the paternal instinct.

"I cannot do it," he said. "It must rest with her." He shook off the hand upon his shoulder, and rose deeply agitated.

Stannard Marshbank bit his lip; he saw his mistake, and promptly rectified it.

"I understand!" he said. "Forgive me! In my eagerness to win her, to grasp my happiness, I have attempted to over-persuade you against your judgment. You do not approve of me as a son-in-law?"

"No, no!" said M. Winsdale. "It is not that! But I—I—— To put pressure upon Eva!"

"Just so," murmured Stannard, softly. "I was wrong. You must make some allowance for the anxiety of a man very deeply in love. I was wrong, I admit it. No pressure shall be put upon Eva. I will take over the mortgage, I will hand it to you without any conditions whatsoever."

Mr. Winsdale uttered an exclamation.

"No, No!" he cried. "I could not accept! You overwhelm me. Stop, wait, I will—I will speak to Eva. After all, why should she not be happy as your wife? Even if I were not ruined, the match would be a good—suitable one. You see, I speak plainly. I will go to her. Wait—wait here until I return." He hurried from the room.

Stannard Marshbank smiled. He took out a cigarette, and lit it; his hand trembled. He threw himself into the chair from which Mr. Winsdale had risen, and waited.

Eva had gone to her room. Stannard Marshbank's proposal had come on unexpectedly, she could scarcely realize it. She had never suspected that he cared for her. She stood before the fire, still trembling, her face still flushed.

She went over every word he had said; then, suddenly, the memory of his voice, his hurried sentences, grew confused, and across them came the words and the voice of Heriot Fayne. She started, and pressed her hands to her bosom. If she had asked herself what the answer to Stannard's question should be, if she had ever doubted what it should be, the memory of Heriot Fayne would have dispelled that doubt.

Marry Stannard Marshbank! She shuddered. Oh, no, no! That would be impossible. She had never yet asked herself whether she loved Heriot Fayne and what her answer would have been to him, if he had insisted on her answer; but, she knew now. She knew that it was him she loved and not Stannard Marshbank.

The realization of this truth overwhelmed her. It made her heart leap within her bosom, it filled her with a longing to see him, to hear his voice. A tender smile came upon her face. She found herself unconsciously murmuring his name, "Heriot, Heriot!"

Then a feeling of maidenly shame fell upon her, and she hid her face in her hands, as if to hide from herself the blush that burned upon her neck and arms. Then she sighed. Her love, his love seemed so hopeless. He, himself, had said that he was an outcast; her father would never consent; she could not expect him to do so. And yet, was it so hopeless? Heriot Fayne had promised to reform, to leave the old life which had dragged him down, and something whispered to her that he would do it for her sake. For her sake! How sweet that sounded!

For a moment or two rapt in the exquisite knowledge of her love, she forgot all about Stannard Marshbank. Then the remembrance of him and his proposal came back upon her, fell upon her like a cold, chilling cloud.

She must tell him that she could not love him, that she could not be his wife. She heard a knock at the door, and her father entered. She saw that he was pale and agitated, and she went to him with a swift feeling of alarm.

"Father!"

He tried to smile as he went to the fire, and warmed his hands, his face averted from her.

"I—I want to speak to you, Eva," he said, trying to control his voice, and speak cheerfully. "I—I have something of great importance to say to you."

She said nothing but stood by his side, her eyes fixed upon his averted face, gravely and anxiously.

"It is about Stannard Marshbank," he said. "He has been telling me that he—he asked you to be his wife, to-night."

She started slightly, but still said nothing.

Mr. Winsdale cleared his throat, he was still husky and his voice would not be steadied.

"Stannard tells me that you did not give him an answer. I have come to get that answer for him, Eva."

She opened her lips as if about to speak, but he held up his hand as if to stop her.

"Wait, my dear Eva; I would rather that you heard what I have to say before giving me that answer, I feel sure that I need not urge Stannard's claims. You know him as well as I do. He is a most excellent young man, and though I feel, as a father, that no man could be worthy of you, I am convinced that he would make you a good husband, and that you would be happy.

"Father——"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

WHISPERING.—The whispering gallery at St. Paul's Cathedral is approached from the body of the church by 260 steps. Here a low whisper, though uttered at a distance of 140 feet by the guide who conducts visitors over this part of the church, is heard, not only distinctly, but loudly.

THE JACKAL.—In hunters' lore there is an idea that the jackal is the lion's provider—that he locates the game and takes the lion to it. This superstition has no more foundation than is found in the fact that after the lion has slain his quarry the jackals always attend and wait the conclusion of the repast, in order to pick up the leavings.

THE FLY.—A writer in a London weekly says it is not true that flies are enabled to walk on the ceiling by means of sucking discs. Each of the six feet are provided with a pair of little cushions and two hooks. The cushions are covered with hairs, which are kept moist by a secretion causing them to adhere to a smooth surface. The hooks help the insects to walk over smooth surfaces.

THE ELEPHANT'S ENEMY.—There exists a small reptile of which elephants have a very peculiar dread, and against which neither their sagacity nor prowess can defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant, and pursues its course until it finally fixes in its head, and by keeping him in constant agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death.

BICYCLERS.—In the region round about St. John's, Mich., they have a substantial grievance. The fields and farms thereabouts are bounded and guarded by quick-set hedges instead of by fences. At this time of the year the farmers trim their hedges, and, as a consequence, the roads are strewn thickly with boughs full of briars, sharp slivers of tough wood and short snippings of hedge points, which puncture bicycle tires.

FROM 1 TO 2,000,000.—Not many years ago a skilled Scottish gardener went to the province of Shire, in British Central Africa, taking with him a coffee plant which he had obtained at the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. From this bush, which was planted at Blantyre, where it still flourishes, there have been derived no less than two million of trees. The original planter has now the biggest plantations in that part of the once Dark Continent, and a trade in coffee has grown up which promises to become the leading industry in that portion of the British Empire which is located in Central Africa.

THE SIN-EATER.—Among curious customs and superstitions noticed in a recent article in Blackwood on the "Legends and Folk-Lore of North Wales," there is one the singularity of which is heightened by the statement that it still survives in North and South Wales and the Border. At a funeral "a hireling who lives by such services has handed over to him a loaf of bread, a maple bowl full of beer or milk, and a sixpence, in consideration of which he takes upon him all the sins of the defunct, and frees him or her from walking after death." The scape-goat is currently called a "Sin-eater.

THE PICTURE OF AN ISLAND.—On his second voyage, in 1493, Columbus discovered an island on a Sunday, from which circumstance he gave it the name of Dominica, which, being interpreted, means Lord's Day, or Sunday, Island. When the great sailor returned to Spain and told the story of his adventures, Queen Isabella asked him what the island was like. Crumpling up a piece of paper in his hand and throwing it down before her, Columbus said, "That is the nearest picture I can give," whereby he intended to convey the notion that Dominica is largely made up of steep mountains and deep ravines. In 1841 the island became one of the British West Indies, but is now not in too flourishing a condition.

FISHING BY MACHINERY.—The great Dr. Johnson had no patience with fishing—"A worm at one end of the rod and a fool at the other," was his description of the gentle art that Izaak Walton loved so dearly. But even anglers must, for their part, be horrified at the plan for catching fishes which is used on the big river Columbia, in North America. There a number of wheels are set up in the middle of the stream, which, as they turn round, catch up the fishes and cast them into troughs by the river's banks. The salmon are then canned, and sent all over the world. As much as five tons of fishes a day has thus been taken. Without this method it would not be possible for folk in other countries to feed on cheap salmon. So much must be said for it.

THE VIOLET'S GRAVE.

BY J. S.

The woodland, and the golden wedge
Of sunshine slipping through;
And there beside a bit of hedge
A violet so blue!

So tender was its beauty, and
So dewee and sweet its air,
I stooped, and yet withheld my hand—
Would pluck, and yet would spare.

Now which was best—for Spring will pass
And vernal beauty fly—
On maiden's breast, or in the grass?
Where would you choose to die?

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAIDMENT'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED)

THREE minutes sufficed to accomplish this: at the end of that brief interval Dr. Meredith reappeared, and jumped into his place beside Althea. He gave a scrutinising glance at her before he gathered up the reins.

"Better?" he said tersely.

She made a little acquiescent movement, but she did not speak. She leaned wearily back against the rail of the seat, with her eyes fixed on the sky in front of them. Her face was almost ashen now in its pallor, and it looked utterly weary.

The past night had deepened the heavy shadows under her eyes into great hollows. Her mouth had suddenly lost its determined set, and there was a droop about the corners rather like that of a worn out, tired child's mouth.

All the lines about her had relaxed into a heavy lassitude, that seemed to intensify the haggardness by the very completeness of the relaxation. In her eyes alone was there any trace of the determined spirit which has shown itself through the last day and night. Hollow though they were, in their gray depths was her own steadfast resolution; a resolution which seemed to increase as they drove along.

Dr. Meredith did not break the silence she had tacitly imposed. Something in that little gesture of hers had seemed to hold him in check; he had given her one more searching look after that, and then had seemed to concentrate his whole attention in getting his horse along as quickly as possible, and in that he succeeded. In an unusually short space of time the dog cart pulled up at Dr. Meredith's own house.

He jumped down quickly, and stood waiting for her to descend. She rose slowly, and before she put her foot on the step she stretched out her own hand and caught at the firm one which was ready to help her.

"Go on!" he said tersely. "Go straight into my room. I'm coming directly I've found William."

He looked and spoke as if he expected some opposition to his directions, but Althea made none. Without a word she turned, and went up Mrs. French's spotless doorsteps into the house. She met no one. Mrs. French was breakfasting placidly in the back premises. She pushed open the sitting room door with a weary gesture, and let herself fall heavily into the nearest chair.

Scarcely time enough had elapsed even for this when Dr. Meredith's step came very rapidly along the stone flagged passage from the back of the house. He came hurriedly in, went straight to the end of the room, and returned with some brandy in a glass.

"Drink it!" he said forcibly, as Althea lifted her white face with a look that meant refusal.

Althea took the tumbler in her hand, and tried to obey. But it took her some time, and it was with a very cold and shaking hand that she gave Dr. Meredith back the glass.

"Come here," he said, taking her gently and firmly by the arm, "I'm going to light the fire, and you're going to have some breakfast."

She submitted to being led across the room to the easy-chair, half mechanically. But against the rest of his speech she protested.

"I don't want anything, thank you, Jim, and I'm not cold," she said in a weary, far-away voice, which was accomplished by an evidently involuntary shiver. "I only want to speak to you."

"Possibly I want to speak to you," he said, as he calmly proceeded to carry out the first of his intentions by striking a match. "But neither you nor I say anything until you've had something."

Either the masterful tone or her own weariness subdued Althea's resolution. She said no more, only leaned back in her chair. And when he brought her some of the breakfast that stood waiting on the table, she took it with much the same mechanical meekness with which she had let him put her into the arm chair.

Her face was a trifle less ashen when, a quarter of an hour later, she set her cup and plate down on the table with a quick gesture.

"Now, Jim!" she said, "now you must listen to me."

In her eyes the determination that had burned in them during their drive home had deepened until it had grown into an intense light.

"I'm sorry to have behaved like a perfect idiot," she said heavily, "and I'm very sorry to waste any more of your time. No, don't," as he prepared to interrupt her. "I don't know what you want to say; but I must speak to you first. What I have to say to you is this."

She passed her hand over her forehead with a weary movement. With the gesture all the haggard relaxation in her face seemed to increase, or to become more obvious. It was weary beyond words; there was a heavy indifference about it, that witnessed to carelessness, but to a sort of hopeless and complete surrender of herself.

Dr. Meredith looked at her, and a great bewilderment came over his face; but he waited patiently for her to speak. He had risen and was standing, with one elbow on the mantelshelf, facing her and looking down at her. She was sitting in the chair where he had placed her; she had drawn herself, by the help, it seemed, of a hand on each arm, and was looking up at him.

"I wanted to tell you, Jim," she said slowly, "that I am going away—on Thursday."

Dr. Meredith drew his elbow away from the mantelpiece as swiftly as if something there had injured him.

"Thursday!" he repeated sharply. "Going away on Thursday! What do you mean?"

"Going away on Thursday." She reiterated the words very slowly indeed. "Haven't I said it clearly?"

Dr. Meredith replaced his elbow on the mantelpiece as if some material support were necessary to his frame of mind; and he said nothing. He had absolutely nothing to say, and no words to express the extremely irreconcilable feelings that rushed through his brain; they were all united and then disunited, for the time being by one cloud of heavy amazement. In the midst of it he was conscious of a dull sense of surprise at himself for being so confusedly incapable of greeting the key to the situation that had so long baffled him.

"Don't mind saying that you are glad," she went on, in a heavy voice that seemed to come from something much farther away than that slight figure in the arm-chair. "For, of course, you must be; and also of course, I understand, Jim. I have understood for quite a long time now."

Her hands were grasping the arms of the chair very tightly, and the grasp seemed to be a material evidence to her of the grasp in which she was plainly holding herself. But it was not so much a grasp which had for its object the keeping of herself in control as one with which she was dragging her whole self through an indescribable effort.

"You must have an assistant, of course," she went on. "You see, Jim, I've been here now, and I know by experience how much too much the work is for one. I wouldn't like to think you were overworking yourself again. And, indeed, the practice must be made to stand it, or—or something must be done. You will be sure and see about it at once, won't you, Jim?"

There was a little anxious, appealing tone in her last words, and the light in her eyes softened as she looked at him.

"Assistants are not difficult to find," she added, with a faint smile; "and you'll quite easily get one who will be much more help to you than I've been."

She stopped, and there was a silence. The only sound in the room was the creaking sound made by the dying little bit of fire that Dr. Meredith had lighted.

It was he who broke the silence. Stretching his arm along the mantelpiece, he began to play restlessly with the end of a little ornamental pipe rack.

"Althea," he said. Dr. Meredith very seldom used Althea's full name thus, and it lent a certain formality to his beginning; but his tone was very gentle, and his eyes as they looked down on her were full of consideration and tenderness. "I can't tell you," he went on, "how thankful I am to hear what you say! I might have known that a woman of your sense could not fail sooner or later to see things in their right light. I might have been sure you would understand it. I blame myself very much for the impatience I have shown in the matter. I think you would be glad if you could know, though, what a weight you have taken off my mind by your words!"

If Althea's ashen face could have grown a shade paler it did so; and the hands that held so fast to the arms of the chair were very cold. She looked up at him as he ended with a rather wistful look creeping into her eyes, and softening the drooping corners of her mouth.

"Jim," she said, "I wish you would tell me—I should be so glad to think that though I have made such an awful mess of it all—and you can't think how well I know that I have made an awful mess and mistake—still, I should so like to think I had been some little use to you—I'd helped you a little, if it was ever so little I should like to have it to remember, if I could."

There was something wistful in her voice, too, and the last words were spoken very tentatively and humbly. Dr. Meredith made a sudden movement that nearly jerked pipes, pipe rack, and all off the mantelpiece.

"Helped me!" he said. "Why, of course you have. You know you have. You've taken half the work on your shoulders. And you needn't think that any one else will do it so well, because they won't. What I should have done, where I should have been without you, Thea, these last two days, to say nothing of anything else——"

A curious kind of spasm passed over Althea's face, and she interrupted him quickly.

"Don't!" she said. "I didn't want you to say that. You know I'm very glad if I could—if I was—any help."

Again she stopped, and again there was a pause. Dr. Meredith was silent, the tender consideration of which his face was full seeming to make it difficult to him to find words. It was Althea who spoke at last.

"I don't quite know how to make it clear," she said, "and I do so want it to be clear. I want you to understand this, Jim."

There was a quite different tone in her voice. It was steady and very dignified. There was no trace of hesitation or doubtfulness about it.

"I don't blame you or reproach you in the very least," she went on. "I never shall blame you. I shall know always—I know now—that it was all my fault. I said that Sunday that it was your doing; but now I know it was mine, and I choose it to be mine, and you are absolutely free, Jim—as free as if we had never seen each other."

Dr. Meredith gave a little start, and a shadow of troubled perplexity flitted across his face.

"Free, Thea?" he said. "That Sunday! That Sunday is nothing, nothing at all! I behaved like a brute, I know that. But if you could make some allowance for the fact that I was most tremendously taken aback, and if you could forgive me——"

He stopped abruptly, his eyes fixed on the white, set face she had slowly lifted to him.

"Thea!" he exclaimed, "you're not going to hold to what we said that day; you're not thinking of that?"

"Yes!" she said steadily. "Yes, of course I am. How can you ask it?"

"But, Thea?" he cried, with a great consternation drawing in his eyes. "Surely you know I wasn't in earnest! Surely you know I didn't mean it! Thea, Thea, what have I done?"

He took two swift strides towards her, but she motioned him back with a quick little gesture.

"You've done nothing," she said. "It's all perfectly natural. You are very generous, Jim, and honorable, and I know you don't like the thought of going back from your word. But I go back from mine! Don't you understand? It's I who go back from mine!"

The shadow of perplexity on Dr. Meredith's face developed into a black look of utter bewilderment and dismay.

"But why, Thea?" he cried. "Why?"

"Why?" she repeated. "Don't you understand? Perhaps I'd better tell you, then; but, Jim, I didn't think you would have made me say it. Don't you see, I know—I have known for ever so long—that there is some one else you care for more than you care for me."

The bewilderment and dismay developed into a look of alarmed and hopeless incomprehension.

"Some one else?" he said slowly, in a dull, blank voice. "What can you mean, Thea? Some one else! But who?"

Quite suddenly—so suddenly that Dr. Meredith started—Althea rose from the chair in which she had been sitting all this time—rose with a swift, impetuous gesture, and stood facing him. Her white, set face was all changed and working with intense emotion; her gray eyes were flashing, and her lips trembling with passionate excitement.

"Who!" she said. "Who! Who should it be, Jim, but Rose Swinton? Hasn't your whole mind dwelt on her incessantly? Haven't you been ready to sacrifice anything and everything if only she might live? Do you think I'm blind, Jim, or a fool?" she put up in scornful parenthesis.

Dr. Meredith was gazing at her with wide, amazed eyes and a pale face.

"Thea!" he said rather faintly, as she paused for breath. "Thea——"

But Althea took not the least heed to his faltering words. Presumably she did not even hear them.

"Isn't it obvious," she went on excitedly, "obvious to every one—not only to me—how you care for her? Every one in Mary Combe will tell you the same thing. Every one looks upon your attention to her, and your anxiety about her, as the natural thing. Every one knows! Every one understands! It was only I who was in the dark. But I understand too, now!"

Thus far she had not moved; but as she spoke the last words, she leaned her hand on the mantelshelf, evidently for some sort of support, and her manner changed abruptly. It was not excited, but it was defiant—a defiance that showed itself in the gesture with which she stopped Dr. Meredith when he tried again to speak.

"No, Jim," she said. "Hear me out first. I'm going back to that Sunday. I thought then, as you yourself said just now, that it was, well—nothing. I thought it would be all right. And——" she broke off and stopped for an instant, "though I wasn't very happy, Jim," she said rather faiteringly, "I went on thinking so until the day when you first asked me to go to Stoke Vere for you. I don't quite know what suggested all the truth to me then: your manner, I think, and the fact that you have never spoken of her to me—naturally enough, I see now!"

She stopped, breathless.

"If you would listen to me; if you'd only listen for one moment," cried Dr. Meredith. "Thea, I could explain it—every thing!"

"Wait!" was all she said.

And Dr. Meredith, his eyes fixed in a sort of horror on her face, his own growing paler and paler, had no choice but to obey.

"Then, when I saw her, I grew clearer of course. And it has scarcely needed your intense anxiety about her now to make me understand what is absolutely natural and simple. Oh, yes!" she repeated bitterly, "quite simple. When I was mad enough to come here, to try and help you, you hated me for my mad freak—I see that now; and it was quite reasonable that you should turn to some one else; some one who would be more congenial to you than I—who would never distress you by such—by such unwomanly ways. Oh!"

She broke off with a sort of cry and glanced down at her dress, while a burning color dyed her neck and the very roots of her hair.

"I detest myself! I detest myself!"

Dr. Meredith caught at her outstretched arm with a sudden, imploring gesture, but she shook his hand off as if it burnt her.

"There's some more," she said slowly. "I'll tell you it all, but it's difficult to have to make you hate me more than you do already."

She paused, and then went on still more slowly, and with hesitating breaks between her words.

"You know now," she said, "that it has not been easy for me to—to help you with—her. And, last night, last night, when—she—was at the lowest of all, it flashed into my mind that I'd only got to let her go and it would all be over, and she could never take my place. But, Jim, I didn't act upon it."

She lifted her eyes as he spoke to his face, now nearly as white as her own.

"I didn't begin to act upon it! But I did think of it; and you ought to know it. That's all, I think," she added heavily. "Mind, I shall never, never blame you. It is all my own doing; but if you could for-

give me for coming here I should be grateful. That's all."

She took her hand from the mantelpiece and turned as if to move away. But a heavy, tremulous hand fell on her shoulder, and a strong grip turned her back.

"Thea!"

Dr. Meredith's voice was hoarse and choked with agitation.

"Thea, it is my turn now, and before I say anything else, I swear to you that I love no other woman in this world but you; and that I love you at this moment more than I ever did before."

He broke off, and his hold on her shoulder tightened convulsively.

Althea suddenly raised her miserable gray eyes to his. They grew larger and wider, wildly, and great irregular dashes of color showed spasmodically on her white face.

"Jim!" she said in a far away, weak voice; "Jim! You mean that you——"

"I don't know how to put it most strongly, Thea, but you have made the greatest mistake you ever made in your life. I have never given—I swear it to you on my honor—one single thought to Rose Swinton—to any one but you."

"Jim! you don't—you don't love me still?"

The words were very brokenly spoken, and then, without waiting for an answer, Althea wrenched herself from his grasp, buried her face on his shoulder, and broke into convulsive, choking sobs.

Dr. Meredith looked down on the slight shaking shoulders with his own face working oddly. But he did not speak; and, indeed, it would not have been of much use. The revulsion of feeling and the strain she had just passed through were too much for Althea, and she sobbed absolutely uncontrollably. Dr. Meredith waited patiently, and with a great tenderness on his face, until the first break came, and Althea drew a long, weary breath. Then he said, very gently:

"Thea, if you could, I wish you would let me tell you how I hate myself for having been a fool and a brute. I must have been so inconceivably stupid to have given you the slightest foundation for such an awful mistake. But I never dreamed of such a thing—never. I was just simply very anxious for my own credit's sake, and for her poor old father's, to pull Rose Swinton through, and I thought—well, I took for granted that you would understand, and help me. I was a hopeless idiot."

There was a quick catch in Althea's breath.

"No, you were not!" came in a low, smothered voice from her.

"Yes, I was," he responded quickly. "Perhaps if I'd been clearer-headed I should have understood it all, and understood you quicker. But, Thea"—he paused for one moment, and then went on in a rather lower tone—"if you've been unhappy, I haven't been very happy I haven't enjoyed the terms we've been on; is it likely? And I didn't know what on earth to do to alter things. I've been horribly distressed and perplexed. Perhaps," he said appealingly, "if you think of that, you could forgive me for all the misery I've brought to you."

He paused. Althea very slowly lifted her head from its resting place, and lifted, with an evident effort, her heavy eyes to him, only to let them fall again directly.

"Can you forgive me for coming here, Jim? For all the unhappiness I've been to you?"

The sobs had not yet gone out of Althea's voice, and her imploring little speech was more than once broken by them.

Dr. Meredith raised her tear-stained face very tenderly, and turned it to his own, which was full of grave and yet passionate feeling.

"Thea," he said slowly, "Thea, my darling, though we've both been so unhappy, I wouldn't have missed this month out of our experience for anything. We shall know each other better all our lives for it, and I shall, if I can," he added, "love you better than I did for having had you for my assistant."

* * * * * *

A week later Lady Carruthers received a letter from her niece dated from the house in Bloomsbury. This was somewhat of a surprise to her, for as she had lately told several friends, quoting in so doing Althea's own description of her whereabouts, she had believed her niece to be staying "somewhere in the country with a friend."

The latter was in itself an unusual occurrence, for the aunt and niece never corresponded, and its contents were of a nature calculated rather to impress the occurrence upon the recipient.

"Dr. Meredith," so the letter ran, "has decided to sell his practice in the country as soon as possible, and to take one close to London. If this arrangement should be carried out, we hope to be married early in the autumn.

On this Lady Carruthers rose in her dignity, and issued something between a mandate and an invitation to her niece to come to her for at least three months previous to her wedding, that her clothes might be "seen after sensibly."

And Althea obeyed with a most unwonted meekness—a meekness which characterized her throughout the whole of the three months. Towards the end of the time it had grown so marked, indeed, as to evoke a most unusual course of comment from Lady Carruthers.

"Really, Althea," she said one September day, when the aunt and niece were driving home along Piccadilly after one of the last of their shopping expeditions; "really, I may say that it is a great satisfaction to me to feel that your engagement has been so unexceptionably carried through. I cannot say how thankful I am that your own conduct has been throughout so commendable, and never once characterized by any of t at terrible unconventionality which is, or, I should say, was, your marked trait. It would have been so like you, you know, to have conducted yourself in some ridiculously unheard-of way or other! But I see that, thanks to my very careful upbringing, you have not forgotten what is due to me and yourself."

A vivid blush suffused Althea's cheek. Lady Carruthers took it, and the rather confused disclaimer that followed it, for modesty.

Fortunately for her, the mental picture that was at that moment blotting out the trees in the Green Park from Althea's eyes, and making them at the same time sparkle with covert, half regretful humor, was for ever undreamed of by Lady Carruthers, as it would be for ever by all Althea's world beside, save her husband. Althea's saw herself buying in the Mary Combe shop a large offering of sweets to assuage the grief that had been evinced by Thomas Benjamin Aller, and a group of his friends at her departure from Mary Combe as Dr. Meredith's assistant.

[THE END]

THE TIGER.

AMONG tigers and lions there are varieties of character corresponding to those existing among human beings. Some are cowardly, some courageous, some (from the lion or tiger point of view) playful and good humored, and some spiteful, sullen and savage. That the tiger can occasionally exhibit a daring which in a human being would be deemed heroic, we know on the very best authority.

Captain Munday, who wrote an agreeable book of travels and adventures in Upper India, describes how a tiger turned round, faced, defied and attacked a large hunting party.

"The 1st of March," he says, "will always be a marked day in my sporting annals, as that on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger hunting. The Nimrods of our party, ever since we entered upon the Doab, have been zealously employed in preparing fire arms, and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favorite haunts of wild beasts, the banks of the Jumna and the Ganges.

"Some of the more experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighborhood. Accordingly, while we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some villagers in waiting, who had news about tigers to give us.

"We all jumped up and rushed out, and found a group of six or six half naked fellows, headed by a stout young man—who announced himself as a 'jamadar'—and gave us to understand that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, and that a party of three tigers had been committing sad depredations among the herds in the neighborhood.

"A party of ten, mounted on as many elephants, with twenty pad elephants to beat the covert and carry the guides, was immediately formed, and set out.

"The jungle was in no place high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Everything was favorable for the sport.

"We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, this, my mahout informed me, was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere 'between the wind and our nobility.'

"The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders and beat slowly on to windward. We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long-wished for 'tally ho!' saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M. confirmed the joyful signal.

"The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking, scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, turned tail, and went off at a score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts.

"One elephant, less swift than the others, was overtaken by the tiger and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain till he quite sank below the horizon, and for all proof to the contrary, he may be going on this very moment.

"The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack Lord Combermere's elephant; but being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrank back among the rushes.

"My elephant was one of the first of the first runaways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock), his lordship was quite hors de combat, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness.

"Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead, upon which we gave a good hearty 'Whoo! whoo!' a d stowed him upon a pad elephant.

"The party of hunters once more reloaded, reformed line, and advanced.

"Soon I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after, a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle, as if to reconnoitre us. I 'Tallyhoed,' and the whole line rushed forward.

"On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the larger of them, who immediately turned, and roaring furiously, and lashing his side with his tail, came bounding toward us; but apparently alarmed at the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he turned to fight, which he soon did, only three of us were up.

"As soon as he faced about, he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three shots more brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to the charge.

"In the meantime, the smaller tiger had been chased into a thick, marshy covert of broad flag reeds, and we had to beat through it thrice, and were beginning to think of giving it up as the light was waning, when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper parts of its tail!

"Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough. His elephant was making the most violent efforts to shake off his foe, while the captain himself was unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate mahout, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

"We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his grip until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's tail quite dead."

BURNT HARD.—During Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt's recent starring tour in the United States, that gifted actress received many solid as well as complimentary recognitions of her dramatic talent from the public.

Besides the gigantic bouquets and costly wreaths lavished upon her before, during, and after her every performance, articles of jewelry, not unfrequently of considerable value, were presented to her, sometimes anonymously, sometimes by wealthy admirers anxious to secure a place in her memory by the splendor of their offerings.

Upon one occasion it would appear that an enthusiast of this class successfully besought her to accept a massive golden parure, somewhat clumsy in fashion, but of a weight which, from a practical point of view, more than atoned for its lack of artistic elegance.

Upon examining it closely, Mademoiselle Bernhardt discovered that the donor had forgotten to detach the tiny price-ticket from the inside of the etui, and was not a little gratified to observe that individual appreciation of her merits had found concrete expression in a tribute worth five thousand dollars.

Shortly afterwards in conformity with the practice adopted by her of periodically lightening her luggage by turning superfluous gifts into money, she offered the parure in question for sale to a leading New York jeweler, who examined it with care, and, having applied the usual tests to its surface, informed her that its intrinsic value was exactly sixty dollars.

"How can that be?" exclaimed the lady.

"Simply because it is mainly composed of copper, not over-thickly gilt," was the reply.

Tableau!

MEMORY.—Given a brain not absolutely diseased, and memory is entirely a matter of comparative attention. We do not forget those things in which we take an interest without an effort, only those for which we will not make the effort.

When we have to make a conscious mental exertion if we are to fasten a thing on to our memory, we decline the trouble and let it slip.

Then we say how sorry we are we have such a bad memory. It is not our fault, only our misfortune. It is nothing of the kind.

Were we to speak the truth as we know it in our inner consciousness, we should say that primarily we owe it all to ourselves by having suffered our brains to get into this fluid, slippery, unretentive condition by simple indolence of mind, simple want of training, and not keeping ourselves in hand—letting ourselves go for pure negligence—and that if that if we choose we could remedy without loss of time a self created defect which we want to prove as a congenital misfortune imposed on us by fate.

FOR GIRLS.—Many young girls do not understand the witchery of bright eyes and rosy lips, but set off their beauty by all the artificial means that lie in their power, never reflecting that by so doing they destroy their principal charm—that of innocence.

The rounded cheeks, the bright eyes, the waving hair of a girl in her "teens" need only the simplest setting. Rich fabrics and sumptuous adorning are more for the matron, her dress gaining in ample fold and graceful sweep as she puts on the dignity of years.

The seasons teach us something here, if we go to Nature for an object lesson. How different her charm from the deep, maturing summer, when the hues are decided, and the air is loaded with the perfume of a thousand censers! The school-girl is only on the threshold of summer. She has not crossed it yet. Let her copy the sweet grace of the spring on her graduation day and discard artificiality.

TRUST IN TRUTH.—It is curious to notice that, with all the reverence so generally expressed for truth in the abstract, there is so little actual trust placed in it when we come to its details.

We do not allude to wilful and deliberate falsehood or intentional prevarication for a distinct and selfish purpose. Of course persons who are thus guilty cannot be expected to put any trust in truth; they probably dread it as an enemy that will expose their real characters, and which it is therefore politic to keep at as great a distance as possible.

But those who had no such cause to fear it, who are mainly sincere and straightforward in their characters, desiring no concealment and intending no deception—even these, or at least many of them, do, in one way or other, betray a want of that perfect confidence in truth which it would seem natural for them to entertain.

It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world, so that the more there is of mind the more work will be accomplished. A man in proportion as he is intelligent makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and with less labor gives a better product.

A FAREWELL.

BY S. U.

Forget me not,
Though distant be thy lot
And never more our lovings may entwine
Sweet friendship's wreath;
Yet all thy cares beneath
Remember still my heart is ever thine

To cheer our souls
When trouble's thunder rolls
And sorrow's rain clouds droops, true love is given;
To save from death
Our often way'ring faith—
The only perfect gift on this side Heaven

The Past was sweet,
The Future leads our feet
Through unknown paths to many a distant scene;
O friend, farewell!
No words of mine can tell
How treasured in my heart thy love hath been.

A Monk of the Abruzzi.

BY PAUL FINOCCHIO.

IT IS the time when the country is abundant with flowers and the trees laden with blossom. The sun is casting hot sultry rays upon a lovely scene in the distant Abruzzi. Not far from the picturesque shores of the Adriatic, on a high mount, rises, like a fortress, the quaint but beautiful town of Atessa.

Look wherever you will and you are sure to be charmed by the presence of so many rich wheat fields, vineyards and pastures green, while away in the distance an endless chain of mountains, which as they advance and recede, form a background to a scene worthy the touch of the artist.

The sun is on the meridian, and the air rings with the rich cheery voice of a happy young heart. Beside the road which starts from Atessa, extending along a high elevation in a northern direction, of which you lose sight as it reaches the forest of La Selva, on a high boulder sits a dark eyed young girl, dressed in all the gorgeousness of peasantry, looking at the fields below, and watching the harvester at his task, while from her ripe lips she cannot repress a harvesting song. A few feet below her is stretched leisurely a youth, tall and handsome; he too intent on the grand scene which opens before them.

As the girl's beautiful mouth modulates the words she anon picks up a pebble and, with a smile, lands it gently on the auburn adorned head of the youth, who laughs, without turning around, but as the little hand is about to repeat the innocent joke again, with a dexterous movement he grabs it as it is about to draw back, holding it captive in his. She breaks short in her song with a gentle scream.

"Angela," cries the youth, "you mischievous creature, thus you embolden me to ask of you the favor which has lingered on my lips for ever so long."

The girl seems to guess the question which he yearns to make known as her face turns a beautiful tint, and her smile dies away at the thought of something serious.

"Gennaro," she falters, "don't give way to such weakness. You know well enough that——"

"That you love me?" finishes Gennaro, clasping her to him.

"No, no," she cries, struggling to free herself. "I mean—our parents would never consent to our marriage."

Gennaro draws back aghast. Yes, there existed a feud between the two families, dating back to their forefathers.

"What care you for their enmity in face of our happiness?" says the youth, reanimating himself. "Could you learn to care for me a little, Angela, till we are of age? Do you love me?"

The face that is gazing to the distant sea now turns to him, and in the depths of the dark pupils of her eyes he reads the answer!

* * * * * *

Five years later, when one night Gennaro, who was now a man, was sitting by the fireplace of his home, with one elbow leaning on a table and his head reclining gently on his hand, dozing, after the fatigue of the day, his old mother, who was on the other side of the hearth, stopped suddenly and exclaimed—

"Have you heard the news? Angela will soon marry——"

Her husband raised his head from the sheepskin bound book he was reading, and with a look at their son, put a finger to his lip, motioning her to silence, who taking in the situation at once, added sotto voce—

"Angela will marry—or will be forced by her father to marry Sebasto."

She proceeded no further as Gennaro, with something like a moan, raised his head, and, opening his eyes, looked around with a puzzled air, and then went on sleeping again.

"Where is our son to-night?" said the father the following night, looking at his children like the shepherd does his flock. At the supper table Gennaro had been absent, and now the rosary was to be said, still he was not there.

To-morrow's sun brought them news of him that nearly broke the poor mother's heart. Gennaro, finding that his young love was intended for another, unable to bear the sorrow, had given up the worriment of this world, and sought the seclusion of a convent, where he had been taken as a novice.

For a long time there was nothing heard of Fra Gennaro, as he was called, but at the expiration of a couple of years he was to be seen at the chapel of an old monastery in a forest, from amongst the trees of which a good view is had of the ground which slopes gently till it reaches the river Sangro, where it becomes level and it is thus till you come to the sea.

In these days, far back in the sixties, when the little Neapolitan kingdom was tottering, these regions were swarming with brigands, in the shape of rebellious bands, who devastated whatever came within their reach.

At this time, for the safety of its inhabitants, Atessa, and all the neighboring towns and hamlets, had gates, which were closed at sundown, thus forming a barrier against an attack.

The monastery in La Selva forest was constantly guarded by a small detachment of the Old Guards, as it was considered a most dangerous retreat.

Fra Gennaro feared nothing, as he was always roaming through the forest, night and day, and helped the wayfarers who passed on the high-road, bordering the woodland.

Often he was warned of the probability of some encounter, but he heeded nothing till late one moon-lit evening while out on his usual solitary stroll he was startled by hearing some hushed voices coming from the thicket, and upon looking he saw so many shrouded figures, carrying guns, that shone in the bright moon's rays, that he was only too sure that the dreaded brigands were about, and, without losing a moment, he dashed towards the door he had left open, but, alas! it was locked!

What could be done?

He gave it a hard kick that echoed in the stillness of night, but which served more to increase his danger, as the marauders at the noise rushed forward, but Fra Gennaro was too quick.

He gained the shadow of the monastery and disappeared in the gloom—thus reaching the high-road, along which he ran as fast as his feet could carry him in the direction of Atessa to give the alarm.

Scarcely half a mile away he heard the fusillading in the heart of the forest, and knew that his unfortunate companions were in danger.

Now a terrible sense of fear took possession of the fleeing man. The report of every gun made him feel as though the heart of some unfortunate had been furrowed.

He looked around and saw his own shadow, which, giant-like, was fleeing after him. He redoubled his speed and hardly had he reached the great gate and knocked, then he fell in a deadly swoon!

That night, when a rescuing party was being formed, those poor wretches at the monastery, including the few guardsmen, barely escaped with their lives, as the miscreants, unable to do them any harm with their weapons endeavored to smother them with smoke, by thrusting burning brands under the doors. They would have succeeded had they not heard a violent ringing of church-bells in the distance—an alarm for the people to be up in arms!

A few days later and Atessa was in an uproar. A recruiting battalion was being formed, commanded by the valorous Marshal Belgio, to fight the brigands, and emancipate the people from further outrages. Every family that could spare a son had done so willingly.

It was nine o'clock in the morning and they were all congregated in Piazza San Rocco, at the extremity of the town, where a somewhat cone-shaped mountain rises like a dome, at whose summit can be seen an old weather-beaten tower—a fortress of the mediæval times!

Among the volunteers was Fra Gennaro, who had cast aside the curious habit of his order for the gun and sword! At the word of command they marched forward, passing through the heart of the town, bound to report at Chieti in the afternoon. The streets presented a gala appearance. People were everywhere—beside thronging the way, they were looking down from the balconies, windows and roofs, all waving white cambrics in token of farewell.

They passed a house on whose high stone steps stood a little brunette, of that fair type so common in this sunny land. Gennaro stopped, and in her recognized the one that had been to him dearer than his own life. He uncovered his head and she noticed him. Their eyes met and said a mute adieu.

All unexpected one day came the tidings that the government had crushed and the victorious army had conquered Southern Italy. The inhabitants of this out-of-the way town at first regarded the change of Government coldly, but then went almost wild with enthusiasm. The town was decorated with colors, and triumphal arches had been erected in many places, and the rejoicing was general.

On the spacious piazza had been erected a throne on which, with the burst of the new national march by the bands, the busts of General Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel were unveiled.

One was the cry—Victor Emmanuel, the warrior king!

But among so many voices was to be heard one that sounded like a discord. It was hailing the Bourbon dynasty. Everyone looked around and discerned the exclamation to come from a young mason who was returning home after his daily toil—that man was Sebasto, Angela's husband!

For a moment they all held their breath, then he was roughly seized by the mob and hustled to prison. Angela hurried there, and outside the prison-bars started a lament that would have melted hearts of stone, but her entreaties were unavailing.

After a long time her husband was returned to her—broken-hearted and infirm. As time went by he grew worse, and late one night he paid the last tribute to Nature.

Angela was again free!

* * * * * *

Still two more years have elapsed! One sunny afternoon, at the close of summer, a lonely soldier, with a dust stained uniform, is making his way along the road from Atessa to the forest of La Selva, at a slow weary gait.

It is Gennaro! His face is closely shaven, showing the healthy glow on his round cheeks. His kind tranquil eyes still retaining that expression of pious honesty that had soothed so many lone hearts.

He walks on mindless of the enchanting scene that opens before him, mindless of the beautiful flowers that he treads under foot which send forth a soul soothing scent, mindless of the gay notes of the birds that seems to herald his return. Everything bespeaks of sublime poetry and love—of that love that for him there is none.

As he enters the forest he looks at the old oaks that to him are like old companions, welcoming him into their midst again. And, as presently between their interlacing branches he catches a glimpse of the tall spires of the convent, his heart bounds with joy. But there the cloister has long been removed!

When he comes to a grass-covered plateau in front of the huge edifice, his gaze wanders up at a window from where, many a night, when his heart was aching, he had implored the silent stars and the blue waters of the Adriatic Sea and found consolation.

He enters the arched portico and thus comes to the chapel, and is startled to see no one but a black robed woman kneeling before the altar. Gennaro advances slowly and noiselessly, and at a few paces from the devotee he stops, crossing his arms before his breast, contemplating the delicate form.

In his eyes, which at first had expressed simple curiosity, there now steals a light of recognition.

"Angela, come," he exclaims, in so soft a language that it seems to rise directly from his heart.

Immediately the head turns, and a pair of dark eyes looks into his, and despite the sacredness of the place, with a happy scream, she rises and runs into his open arms.

And, on "the wings of love they sail forward on to a life of dreams."

Jack's Prize.

BY S. U. W.

JACK WALTON was one of the best-hearted fellows that ever lived, and at the time when we pick him up in life had not seen more than thirty years at the farthest. From early boyhood the ship had been his home, and the only breezes that he could remember were such as had wafted him from point to point upon the great ocean. Jack had worked hard all his lifetime, and yet Jack was poor.

He was not a libertine, nor was he a drunkard. No man ever saw Jack Walton under the control of alcohol. Sometimes, to be sure, Jack pledged his friendship over a bumper of wine, but he spurned it as a beverage. Yet Jack was poor, for no man could ask him for assistthat lay within his power to give, and go away empty handed. In fact Jack's shipmates knew his weak point, and so long as there was a shot in his locker, they drew upon it. He had become used to the thing, and he seemed actually to consider his hard-earned wages as part of a common stock, for the idea of refusing to divide his last dollar with a penniless shipmate had never once found its way into his head.

But poverty never made poor Jack unhappy. He was never obliged to ask twice for a berth, and many a time have there been a dozen shipmasters after him, all anxious to secure his services, for a better sailor never tied a reef knot, nor did a braver man ever stand the shock of shipwreck. Noble, generous, free, brave, and happy was Jack Walton. And he was a handsome man, too. His hair was black and glossy and hung in beautiful ringlets over his finely-formed head; his eye was large and full, and black as jet, and his features, though bronzed by long years of exposure, were fit for any model where boldness and nobleness of contour were wanted. Added to this, Jack possessed a form that was the very type of what a physical man should be—strong and powerful, yet graceful and lithe.

At the time of which we write Jack was second mate of the good ship "Norwood," said ship being on a voyage from New York to Canton, and back again. The "Norwood" arrived at Canton in good season, and while there the captain, whose name was Tallman, consented to take a passenger for New York, said passenger being no more nor less than the widow of an American merchant who had lately died in China.

In due time the ship was ready for sailing, and the widow came on board, and with her she brought her child. Various had been the conjectures among the sailors with regard to the appearance of the "passenger," but they were all of them disappointed when she came over the side. Instead of a moody, wrinkled, sombre and wasted female, they beheld a blushing, fair-skinned beauty of not more than four or five and twenty.

Her husband had been dead over six months, and as the pangs of her grief had been softened down she had become herself once more. And then her child—a little blue-eyed girl of some four summers—helped to cheer her soul and make the world still bright to her. She wrote her name as Mrs. Mary Johnson. Her husband had been known as Mark Johnson. He was an orphan, but by dint of perseverance and skill he had become a noted merchant before his death. He had belonged in New York, and it was there, some six years before, that he had married his wife—a girl as poor as he had once been, but rich in virtue and goodness.

"Blow me if she ain't just the beautifullest craft under a bonnet 'at I ever sot eyes on," said an old foretopman, addressing Jack Walton. Mary Johnson was on the poop with her child at this time, and the eyes of half the crew were furtively directed toward her.

"She is a beauty," responded Jack, with a glow of enthusiasm. "And she looks good, too. None o' your high-flyin' craft there. I tell ye, Bill, she's got a soul—you can see it in them great blue eyes of hers."

"Ay, you've hit it," returned Bill. "You've hit it, Jack. Now just think of a fellow's bein' settled down ashore, in a snug, tidy house, with his lockers all full, and just such a wife as that to stand watch an' watch with ye through life. Eh, Jack?"

But Jack did not answer. Perhaps he was thinking of how many years he had lived alone—how much money he had thrown away—and perhaps he looked off

ahead to see what hopes he had in the future. At any rate, he was silent, and in a few moments more he went off to the wheel.

One bright, warm, moonlight summer evening, after the ship had been at sea about two weeks, Mrs. Johnson was upon the poop with her child. There was considerable of a fresh breeze, and as the ship had it upon the beam she was making good speed through the water.

Jack Walton was at the wheel—just standing there to keep the helmsman company—for he had charge of the deck, and from that point he could best see how matters went. He was just upon the point of speaking to the helmsman, when he was startled by a piercing shriek from Mrs. Johnson.

"O, my child! my child!" she cried. "O God, have mercy! My child! my child!"

Jack sprang over to where the widow stood, and caught her just in time to prevent her from leaping overboard.

"What is it?" he asked.

"There! there!" fairly shrieked the frantic woman, pointing to where her child was being tossed up and down by the waves that followed the ship's wake.

By the bright moonlight Jack could see the floating dress, and as all the watch were by this time upon the poop, he had not to look far for assistance.

"Here, Bill," he cried, speaking coolly, but quickly, "you hold this poor mother, and on your life don't you let her go. Get down the stern boat, the rest of you, and come after me as soon as possible. Brackett, call the other watch to lay the ship to."

On the next instant Jack Walton had leaped into the sea and was striking out for the last child. The mother spoke not, nor did she move, but with both hands clutched tightly around the old foretopman's arm, she stood and gazed upon the swimmer and her child. The boat was soon lowered, and with the assistance of the other watch the ship was hove to.

Once the mother started as though she would have broken from the grasp of her guard—it was when a sea broke over the child and hid it for a moment from sight—but the thick, flowing garments which the little one were seemed to spread out, parachute-like, upon the water, and hold her up.

"Thank Heaven! Jack has reached her," uttered the foretopman. "She'll be safe now, for Jack Walton 'll die before he gives her up. Ah, lady, you don't find many shore-going men with such big hearts as poor Jack's got stowed away in his bosom."

The mother looked up into the old sailor's face, but she did not speak, and on the next moment her gaze was again directed toward the spot upon the heaving waters where the stout sailor was struggling with her child.

At length the boat reached them, and the widow saw her child lifted into it. She murmured one whisper of thanks, and then she sank upon the old sailor's bosom totally unconscious of all that was transpiring about her.

When Mrs. Johnson came to herself, she was aroused by the voice of her child. She started up, as though from some wild, terrible dream, but when her mind fully came to her she found herself in her own state-room, and Jack Walton stood by her side holding the child in his stout arms.

We cannot write the words which the mother then spoke. They were too wild, too vehement; and then the thanks which she poured out upon poor Jack. To be sure they were in whispers—but whispers so deep, so soul sent, so thrilling, and so quickening, that the hardy sailor wept like a girl.

Time passed on, and the young widow recovered entirely from the shock her nerves had received. Things went on as before, save that she oftener sought the side of Jack Walton when he was upon the poop. And little Lizzie—for so the widow's child was called—used to hang upon Jack's arms with a fondness seldom shown save by a child to its parent.

Sometimes Jack's shipmates would joke him upon the subject of his growing intimacy with the beautiful widow, but he never replied to them. Once Bill Hughes spoke more plainly:

"Jack," said he, 'if that woman knew you as well as I do, she wouldn't be long [illegible] life splice of it."

"What," returned Jack, "she mate with a poor stick as I am? If you love Bill, don't never say anything like that again."

For Jack turned away as he spoke, for there was a tear in his eye, and he would [illegible] it.

At length the ship arrived in New York, and Mrs. Johnson's first movement was to send a letter to a mercantile firm in the city. On the next day a boat came alongside—for the vessel had not yet been hauled up to the wharf—and brought a note for the widow. She was seated upon the poop when she received it, and by her side stood Jack Walton, who had been pointing out some of the localities in the bay. There was a tear in her eye, but she soon wiped it away, and then she looked up.

"Alas," she said, "death had been busy in the great city. I have not a friend left. No one now that knows me—no relative—no acquaintance."

"It's hard," ventured poor Jack, "but a brave heart can live. It's been now twenty long years since I knew the love of a relative."

Little Lizzie seemed to comprehend that there was trouble.

"Mamma," she said, placing her little dimpled hand upon the arm of her parent, "does it make you feel bad to go and live in a great house once more?"

"No, Lizzie. I shall be glad."

"O, and so shall I. Then Mr. Walton won't have to work all the time, and he can hold me in his lap and tell me stories, can't he?"

Poor Jack trembled like a leaf. Those prattling words had struck a deep chord in his bosom. The thought that he was soon to part with two beings whom he had insensibly learned to love with his whole soul, called tears to his eyes which he could not keep back.

The widow looked up and saw him weeping. She arose quickly to her feet and asked him to follow to the cabin. He did so, and soon was alone with the young mother and her child.

"Mr. Walton," said the widow, in a tremulous tone, "I am going to be very plain with you. In this note which I have just received, I learn that the only relative whom I left in New York six years ago is dead. I have returned to the home of my birth rich in money—far more of money than I can ever spend—but I have none to care for me, none to protect me from the snares that will be sure to be laid about the young and wealthy widow. My child loves you, and so do I. I know that you are honest and true, brave and generous, and of a firm and uncompromising principle in what you think is right. And now I make you an offer. If you reject it I shall trust in your honor not to reveal it. There is my hand—it is yours if you will take it. My heart you already have."

For a few moments Jack stood like one bewildered, but when he met the soft, warm light that shone upon him from those eyes of blue, his impulse moved him. He opened his arms, and when he closed them again the noble hearted widow was folded within their embrace.

* * * * * *

Before the "Norwood" sailed on her next voyage, her crew were invited to attend a wedding. They came and saw poor Jack, now transformed into a splendid gentleman, married to the handsome widow who had shared the dangers of their last homeward-bound voyage; and not one of them envied him in the least, for they all knew how richly he deserved the noble prize he had won, and how much better suited he was to make a good husband than any other of the crew.

On the eastern bank of the Hudson, not far from the great city—not far in these days of steam—there is a pretty dwelling—a splendid one, the true lover of the beautiful would call it—and there Jack Walton lives, still fondly proud of his prize.

And the wife—you could tell by the happy smiles that bloom upon her handsome face, that she has never had occasion to regret the moment when she first offered her hand to the true-hearted son of the ocean.

That womanly looking girl, who takes care of the three little curly-headed children that play upon the wide lawn in front of the mansion, is Lizzie. She has grown older now, but she is not so old but that she yet loves to sit upon Walton's knee, and hear him tell of the adventures that befell him in his wanderings about the world.

A SOMNAMBULISTIC STORY.

"THE strangest experience I ever had," said a well-known detective to a reporter, "was in locating a sneak thief who systematically robbed a business man's residence. There had been a number of robberies, extending over a considerable time. The servants of the house had been changed several times, and yet the thefts continued.

"About once a week someone entered the man's sleeping apartments and took what money he had, if any, and, if not, succeeded in obtaining some of his wife's jewels or valuable silverware. I was employed in the case and made a thorough examination of the premises.

"At first I thought the work was done by someone inside the house, but my client told me that he had surprised the man one night, and that when he went out the window and down the porch, which was undoubtedly the way he came in. He described the man as being small, thin and pale, and wearing a peculiar mask. The description did not suit anyone in the house or anyone whom the business man knew.

"My client slept in the front room and his wife in the one adjoining, there being double doors between them. I searched the pawnshops thoroughly and could find no trace of the missing jewels or silverware, and after watching the house from the outside for several nights, during which time there was another robbery, I prepared to sleep in my client's room, to which he readily consented.

"The first night I slept there my client's belongings were undisturbed, but several dollars in loose change had been abstracted from my own pockets, although usually I am a very light sleeper and awaken at once by any unusual sound. I said nothing about my own loss, but concluded to remain awake thereafter.

"For several nights nothing occurred, when one morning about 2 o'clock a form came through the folding doors that connected the room where I was with that occupied by the wife of my client. I pretended to be asleep, and awaited the thief's approach. It looked like a pale faced boy. Over its head was thrown a dark shawl that gave the appearance of a mask and a coat, but the form was barefooted and had on nothing besides the shawl but a nightgown.

"Noiselessly it glided to the window, unlocked it and passed out on the porch. I knew in a moment that the person was the wife of my client, and I followed at once. As she climbed down the porch the moon shone directly in her face, and I saw that she was asleep. The woman went directly to an arbor that had once been a spring house and, lifting a loose board, dropped something and returned the way she came to her apartments.

"I immediately investigated, and found that in the place formerly used for the storage of milk and butter the missing jewels, silver and money were piled. The next morning I told my client and showed him where his missing articles were.

"He stated that his wife was possessed of an almost insane fear that at some time he would fail and would be reduced to want, although entirely rational upon all other subjects. This probably took hold of her mind while she slept, and, being of a somnambulistic tendency, her hoarding of the valuables was explained. When awake she had no recollection whatever of her nightly depredations."

THE POISONED CUP.—An actor became renowned, not so much for his histrionic performances as because he would never take any medicine, and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him.

There was a play in which the hero was sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Our actor was playing this character one night in the provinces, and had given directions to have the cup filled with wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna!

He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors that he had drained every drop of it. Our celebrated actor drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

ON CHIDING A FRIEND.—When thou chidest thy wandering friend, says Feltham, do it secretly, in season and in love—not in the ear of a popular assembly; for many times the presence of a multitude is the cause of a man making an unjust defence rather than fall in a just shame. A man had better be convinced in private than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice; private are for friends, where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind, deaf and dumb. Even concealment of a fault argues some charity to the offender, and, whom we tell him of it in secret, it shows we wish he should amend before the world comes to know his amiss.

Scientific and Useful.

HOW LONG.—A very learned man, the Rev. Edmund Ledger, of England, has just demonstrated, after a series of nice calculations, that the sun cannot maintain a temperature sufficient to support life on the earth for more than 10,000,000 years longer.

FISH AND PLANTS.—The breathing of the fish and of the plant are the same except in method. Plants breathe through their leaves; fishes through their gills. The air cells in the fish are more delicate than in the plant and require a more carefully mixed fluid.

THE SEA BOTTOM.—Beautiful photographs of the bottom of the Mediterranean have been taken by a Frenchman, who uses a barrel of oxygen surmounted by a glass tube containing an alcohol lamp, a mechanical contrivance throwing magnesium powder on the flames when a view is to be taken.

ICE.—A saucerful of shaved ice may be preserved for 24 hours with the thermometer in the room at 90 degrees F. if the following precautions are observed: Put the saucer containing the ice in a soup plate and cover it with another. Place the soup plate thus arranged on a good heavy pillow, and cover it with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them.

STRENGTH.—Hard steel weighs 490 pounds per cubic foot, and a rod one inch square sustains 78,000 pounds; cast iron weighs 444 pounds, and supports 16,500 pounds per square foot, aluminum weighs 168 pounds, and has a tenacity of 26,000 pounds. Ordinary woods are ten or twelve times as bulky as steel. Weight for weight, some woods are stronger than steel, a bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel one inch square holding up 125,000 pounds, the best ash 175,000 and some hemlock 200,000 pounds.

SOFT WOOD.—Under pressure soft wood becomes stronger than hard wood under pressure. The case of a block of Oregon pine taken from the middle of an upright which formed a part of the timber support in the Comstock mines for twelve years gives an example of the effect of heavy pressure on wood fibre. It is so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife, and one of its sides is polished from the squeezing it has undergone. Yellow pine from the lower levels of the Comstock has been so compressed by the enormous weight that its density exceeds that of lignum vitæ.

Farm and Garden.

MANURES.—Barn manures are generally more economically used when applied to farm crops than applied to orchards, says an exchange, yet they can be used with good results, particularly when rejuvenating old orchards.

KEROSENE.—It is now affirmed that kerosene is not a sure agency for destroying lice, but that if a gill of crude carbonic acid is added to each pint of kerosene before the emulsion is made, it will destroy all forms of lice.

LARGE FARMS.—The farmer who cultivates a large farm would find that, if compelled to take a smaller farm, he would secure a larger profit, proportionately, than on a large area. It is more difficult and costly to manure large fields, and there is a waste of labor, of men and teams in traveling to points in order to do the necessary work.

A BEE'S LIFE.—Every year may be seen in papers of considerable pretension to scientific accuracy statements about various flowers poisoning bees, the only reason for the statement being that the bees are found dead in considerable number beneath the trees. It does not seem to be known generally that the life of a bee is extremely short. Every bee that leaves the hive in the spring is dead before fall, and those which live over the fall die very soon after the spring opens. The death of a bee is usually very sudden; they have been known to fall even in their flight, and to be dead in a few seconds after reaching the ground. This fact about the life of the bee is supposed to be generally known, yet the fact that the statement above quoted is so often referred to in intelligent works shows that the knowledge is not as widely spread as it deserves to be.

A HARD COUGH distresses the patient, and racks both Lungs and Throat. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the remedy wanted to cure your Cough, and relieve both the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

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Of Man and Woman.

Through the coming up of the New Woman a great deal of attention has in recent times been devoted to the consideration of the relative equality—or inequality—of the sexes and the traditional superiority, and consequent supremacy, of one. This is a subject which might be conveniently left to the philosophic and scientific, but it has been dragged out of the arena of science and philosophy, and made the occasion of a great deal of acrimonious controversy in public and social life.

Which sex is the superior, or are both on the same footing physiologically or intellectually? This is the crowning question which not a few able brains have vexed, to their own and the general intense interest and, in a sense, distress. There are different ways of looking at most objects, and this is one which admits of almost as many points of view as there are observers. Let us glance at some of the more prominent.

Regarded from the physiological standpoint, woman is, or has, beyond question an organism which has been arrested in the process of development, and then devoted to special purposes. It is not necessary to discuss this aspect of the case in detail; nor could it be made intelligible to any reader who did not happen to be an expert in developmental or evolutionary anatomy, if we attempted the task.

Suffice it to say that the peculiarities of structure which characterize woman are, studied in their physiological aspect in relation to the body as a whole, specialties of form and function which are developed on the basis of a general arrest of growth. They are, so to say, the perfecting on the new lines, with reference to special purposes, of imperfections in the broader and more general lines of the full animal development.

The proof of this position is not to be attempted as regards the coarse qualities of size and strength. Tried by these standards, the proof would often fail. For example, the male animal is not universally the largest or the most powerful, or the most displayed. There are instances to be found of higher development of outward form in the female than in the male. Those who base their argument on size and weight and strength must expect to be worsted in the controversy.

The real physiological question is one of perfection with respect to fitness for the special life and work of the species, or class, to which the particular animal belongs. For example, the male eagle is smaller, lighter, and not so well feathered as the female. At first sight this appears to be an exception which disproves, instead of proving, the rule that the male is larger, heavier, stronger, and better provided for the rough business of existence than the female.

If, however, we apply the true test of special adaptability to the peculiar life, we shall find that the cleaner, more closely trimmed, and lighter form of the male eagle is better suited to its requirements as a bird of prey than that of the more bulky female.

Some students of this aspect of the question have failed to recognize the important consideration upon which we are now insisting and have been led to read the lesson of development wrongly. There is no exception to the rule that the male is better adapted for the active business of the life of its species than the female, or, in other words, that it is more highly developed.

Another stand-point must be described as the personally-social. We say personally-social because there are general aspects of the social question to which the remarks we are about to offer do not apply. The male is the more active of the two sexes in the life of relation. It is his function, as it is the tendency of his nature, to go out of the family and claim his rights by asserting his power. The female is better adapted, and is endowed with instincts which incline her, to stay at home and care for the young. She can go abroad and make a place for herself in society; but, if she does, the male is physically and mentally unable to occupy the position she has deserted and discharge its duties. The specialty of home-work belongs to woman, the specialty of work abroad belongs to man.

Each is adapted for the particular class of exercise appointed by Nature; and it is a truant spirit which inclines either to desire to fill the other's proper sphere. A masculine woman with manlike proclivities and an effeminate man with womanlike habits and inclinations are equally abhorrent to Nature.

Each sex is personally endowed with physical and mental qualities which fit it for the duty devolved upon it by the ordinances of creation and development, and any straining of these qualities, either in the sense of exaggeration or repression, is opposed to the spirit of the evolutionary law and must tend to destroy the harmony of social life.

A French writer has labored to prove that women are inferior to men because they are different. The inference he draws is fully justified by the facts of anatomy and physiology; but the lesson the scientific proposition is calculated to teach is not rightly understood, because the facts are misinterpreted. It is not a question of inferiority or superiority, but of special adaptation. Man is the head of the family and woman is his helpmeet and therefore subordinate to his authority; but she is the complementary part of his nature. He is incompetent for his work without her help.

It is one of the drawbacks of the modern method of progress that every conscious step forward is regarded as a stride of prodigious length and importance. The human mind readily becomes beside itself with exultation in the crisis of every success however small, and misconception ensues, from which there is generally a rude awakening.

Women have in late years asserted what they are pleased to call their "rights." They have succeeded in persuading themselves and a few weak-minded and short-sighted men that, because the feminine intellect is able to do certain work which has been hitherto considered to lie in the province of the masculine mind, therefore females should insist on being placed on the same footing with males, as regards the choice of occupations. We have, or are shortly to have, women doctors, lawyers, and probably before long women-preachers.

The injunction given by St. Paul in regard to the home work and habitual retirement of women having been set at naught by the riotous spirit of the times, that other injunction against the obtrusion of women into the ministry of the Church will doubtless be quickly disregarded. In all this women are flying in the face of Nature, and preparing trouble for themselves in the future. We have not the gift of prophecy, but it does not seem difficult to forecast the course of events.

If women are so short-sighted or blind to their own interests as to make common cause with the enemies of religion, they will only precipitate the discomfiture of their rebellious aspirations, and have no one except themselves to blame for the consequences.

THERE is much misconception as to what are called labors, and burdens, and cross-bearings, and contentions. The easiest part of any life, whether it be secular or Christian, is its activity. As long as a man is in the possession of health; bodily activity is not toil. It may become so through excess; but, by nature, a suitable degree of activity or industry does not simply accommodate itself to mankind—it is in the constitution of men to be in health and in happiness by the exercise of their faculties. And that which is true of the body is more eminently true of the mind; for our joys do not come few and large—they come like the dew, and like the profitable rain, in myriads of small drops, and that which we enjoy most is that which we enjoy in small measure at each particular moment of time.

NO unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and none so completely demoralizes the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved; and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not to be supplied by anything else on earth. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savor when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumphs out of doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart when the misery within has to be encountered.

BOTH praise and blame determine to a very large extent the kind of conduct that is prevalent in society; for it is through them that we chiefly know how our actions are looked upon by others—and that they should be regarded with approbation is a universal desire. When the sentiments of a whole community agree in approving any course of conduct, it will be generally practised; when they unite in condemning it, it will be generally avoided.

IT is not necessary to cultivate an inordinate love of money in order to acquire sufficient of it. It is only requisite to adhere to the simple rule of spending less than you make. For our own part, we hate and despise a miserly spirit. We believe in generous friendships and in open-handed charity; but it is only the just who can afford to be generous, and only those who save can afford to be charitable.

HE who has few wants and is indifferent to the luxuries which he sees others enjoying will, if perfectly sincere, and not animated by other motives, hardly ever do anything great. Ordinary merit will in such circumstances keep an ordinary level, if it do not sink somewhat beneath it, while talents will be possessed in vain, or employed upon matters unworthy of them.

MAN can never come up to his ideal standard; it is the nature of the immortal spirit to raise that standard higher and higher, as it goes from strength to strength still upward or onward. Accordingly the wisest and greatest men are ever the most modest.

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENT.

TOPSY.—You can remove the varnish from the cloth by means of naptha or benzine. They must not be used near the fire as these liquids are extremely inflammable. Let the cleaned article hang for some time in the open air.

B. L. M.—We know nothing about the result of washing brown hair in brandy, nor wish to know. Nature is generally correct in the combination of colors. If your hair is brown, doubtless it is the color best suited to your complexion; do not seek to alter it by artificial means. A voice that is naturally contralto cannot sing soprano songs properly. Perhaps your voice is a mezzo-soprano, between a soprano and contralto, partaking of the nature of both—the sweetest of all voices to our way of thinking. Do not strain your voice: it is only constant practice that will give you a clear command of very high or very low notes.

CURIOUS.—Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and Shakspere, wore earrings, as may be seen in portraits of the time. In the Chandos portrait Shakspere had two gold wires in his ears. In one curious portrait of him, which we have seen, he has a thin ribbon through the pierced lobe of each ear, for the purpose of attaching some costly jewel. The portrait was of the time, but we did not think it authentic. The Roman youth of the Lower Empire wore costly earrings, introduced probably from the East, or from Egypt, where, by the way, as may be seen in the British Museum, they understand plating copper earrings with gold, for the sulphate of copper has burst through the thin covering. In Elizabeth's time it was not thought effeminate to wear such ornaments; sailors, and the most manly of men, wore them: indeed, sailors wear them still, from a superstition that piercing the lobe of the ear strengthens the eyesight.

MINERALS.—Do not try any plan for driving sleep away. The remedy for sleepiness is sleep. Get rid of the idea that you can study four hours out of twenty-four after working twelve hours. You cannot do it. If you go to work at six in the morning, you must, at the latest, get to bed at ten. That will give you only seven hours sleep. Drowsiness in the evening probably comes from three causes—want of sleep the night before, the effects of a meal that is undergoing the earlier processes of digestion, and possibly the close atmosphere of a heated room in which the air has been impoverished by the burning of gas. Do not begin to study until an hour has passed after taking your evening meal. If you eat freely; keep the atmosphere of the room pure; study an hour at night, and then go to bed when you feel drowsy; sleep off your sleepiness, and do another hour's study in the morning when your brain is clear. Two hours' work with your thoughts concentrated will be of far greater value than four hours of muddling in a state of semi-consciousness, when facts pop into your mind and out again and no impression is sharply made.

VUELA.—Typhus fever is one disease, typhoid fever another. The two have nothing in common. They are both diseases which may be caught, but in totally different ways. Typhus fever is what is commonly called infectious—that is to say, any person may catch the disease by simply going near the patient suffering from it: and it would spread from bed to bed: but it is communicated through the excretions alone, and will be distributed through the drains. For example, there have been cases in which every alternate house in a street has been infected because the alternate house drains communicated with a particular sewer into which the typhoid poison has been cast, while the drains of the other houses were connected with a different sewer, which was not infected. The poison of typhoid fever is not general. It does not pass off by the skin, but is discharged exclusively through the glands of the intestines. It will therefore be easy to see that measures may be readily adopted for the complete destruction of the germs of typhoid fever, so that its spread may be absolutely prevented. Typhus fever is more like scarlet fever in that its germs may be disseminated through the atmosphere or communicated by touch. Failure to recognize the difference of the two diseases would be a serious blunder on the part of any public teacher.

FAILURE.—It is a mistake: as you say, when summing up our own characteristics, to hide disagreeable truths from ourselves: but is it not equally a mistake to overstate such truth against ourselves? We are afraid you do that. Your letter is not at all the kind we should expect from a woman who considers herself a failure. It is written with a good deal of point and decision. All you want is a chance; but you cannot force opportunities. You must wait, keep a sharp outlook, and seize promptly any promising opening. Typewriting is overcrowded because learning it is so easy. Do not take it up in the hope of getting a living from it. If at any time you have a chance of practising, it will be worth while to become acquainted with the instrument, for it will add another string to your bow. We do not detect in your letter many hopeful signs as a writer, and we advise you to persist in your endeavors to get mechanical work, for evidently you are rather discouraged and are not in the mood to spend weeks of labor on literary fancies that may bring no reward. It is quite impossible for any one at a distance who does not know your circumstances or capabilities to say exactly what you can find to do. Only by your own inquiries can you discover that. You are certainly right in seeking to get work, for it is in every way healthier for men and women to have regular duties.

MY DEAD ROSE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Dead, dead, dead is the rose,
The rose of that summer's bloom,
She gave me from off her breast,
With its rich and rare perfume.

It has lost its tint of red,
Its fragrance hath past away,
Like the trust that was not true,
This rose of a happier day.

Tender, and pure, and sweet,
As the fragrance of her breath,
Once was this dear dead rose,—
With love it went to death.

I will burn its withered leaves,
And of nothing make it less;
And the ashes bitter and black,
In the Book of Memory press.

Inspired Prophecy.

BY A. D. F.

"MY dear Helen," said Mrs. Maynault to her elder daughter, "once for all, it is not a whim, but a necessity. Your father has made all his arrangements, and there is no use in discussing the matter. We shall give up this house on the 27th of September."

"Goose day," said Helen saucily. "Well, I suppose I had better sell all my smart things, for there will be no chance of wearing them in the desert. Sack cloth is cheap, and I daresay there are ashes on the premises. I wish they were all ashes."

"Forkeld is not a desert, Helen," her mother replied severely. "It is described as a lovely place, and the society around is of the best in Scotland. Oblige me by dropping the subject, and I forbid you to prejudice your sisters about it.

Here were three pretty girls—the eldest barely twenty—who had passed ten months of all their years in London, and loved it—under sentence of transportation to the wilds of Ross-shire.

Here was a father who had made rather a mess of things in general, and here was a poor mother who had, as usual, to "make the children understand." There was also a young man whom the new departure filled with dispair, and destined to wear the willow to Helen's sack cloth and ashes.

But really there was a rift in the clouds which had been gathering over the house Maynault. Rents would not come in, speculations would not "pan out," and just in the nick of time to save a smash, a bachelor uncle of Colonel Maynault, who had lived all his days abroad, died and left him this Forkeld property, of which he had never even heard, and a few thousands, by means of which peace with honor could be made with his creditors.

Helen left her mother's room in tears, and shortly after her father entered with an open letter in his hand.

"Old McStair is very tiresome," he said; "wants me to go to Forkeld for a day or two, just to look about me. What's the good of looking? That won't change anything. We've got to like it however it looks. He makes a point of my going, and—rather officiously, I think—has asked the Overtons to invite me. I shouldn't wonder if it was a dodge to get me to buy some of their furniture.

"Why not, my love? What we have here is quite unsuited for an old-fashioned house, and moving is so expensive. I would go if I were you," argued his wife.

So he went Arrived just in time for dinner, and retired to bed early, tired out with his long journey. He slept for half-an hour, and then followed the most wretched, sleepless, nervous night he had ever passed.

Next day came also on a visit to meet Colonel Maynault, Andrew McStair, writer to the signet, and a good deal more—antiquary, historian, genealogist, agent by long inheritance for the Forkeld property—a man slightly bowed by his seventy years, but hale and hearty in every sense of the word.

"Well, sir," said our colonel, rather stiffly, "you have got me here, and I have to thank you for one of the worst nights I every spent."

"Bad dreams?"

"I hadn't a chance to dream. Never closed my eyes."

"One of my objects in asking you to come was to see how—how the place suited you."

There followed some business talk, and the incident was closed for that day.

Colonel Maynault came into breakfast the next morning looking pale and distressed.

"Another bad night, I fear?" McStair asked.

"Horrible! I did sleep, and had a nightmare."

"Would you mind describing it?"

"I was in a room with two men, and I knew that one was going to murder the other, but for the life of me I couldn't speak or move to save him."

"What sort of a room was it?"

"Oak panelled and dark, with a low ceiling—something like this."

"Colonel Maynault, you must not live in this house," said McStair decisively.

"I must"—with a short dry laugh.

"Listen. With the exception of a few days which your grandfather passed here, no Maynault has inhabited the place for nearly two hundred years."

"My ancestors," said the colonel with pride, "were soldiers and sailors and statesmen; such an out-of-the-way place was impossible for them."

"Impossible is the word," replied McStair.

"But other people have lived here, and found it healthy and pleasant. The Overtons would have remained if Lord Beltown had not wanted the shootings for himself."

"Yes, and that is why you cannot let the house."

"My good sir, I do not wish to let it. I am coming here to live."

"I am an old man," said McStair, "a lawyer and a Scot—three guarantees, I think, that I am serious when I earnestly beg you to make other arrangements."

"You evidently don't want me here—why?"

"For your own sake, Your family is not the only one in which there are—let us call them mysteries, that no one can account for."

"Haunted rooms—ghosts—all that sort of rubbish—eh?"

"Nothing of that kind has been seen here."

"Then what is the matter?"

"The head of the family cannot rest under this roof," said McStair.

"Nonsense! when I'm settled, and have all my things round me, I shall sleep like a top. But I'd like to hear about the mystery, whatever it is."

"During the Commonwealth," said McStair, "the Maynault of that time lived a refugee in France, and learned much wickedness. He returned at the restoration of Charles II., and amused himself by winning the affections of a young girl of humble birth, to whom he promised all that was honorable. She—poor child! believed him, and was induced to come here alone, for the fulfillment of her lover's vows.

"You may guess what followed. Her brother—a soldier in the Archer guard—followed, too late to save her, and in hot anger demanded justice in this very room. Maynault laughed, called him 'brother' and told him to go upstairs and ask his sister if she were not a wedded wife. As He turned, this traitor drew his dagger, sprung upon him from behind, and stabbed him between the shoulders. He lived long enough to tell what had happened, and to lay a curse upon his murderer and all his race.

"There is some doggerel about it with a prophecy, which I found in an old manuscript years ago, but that is a romance. The facts are as I have told them, and their sequence is as—as I have said—that the head of the family cannot rest in this house.

"You have tried it for two nights. Tired as you were, you could not sleep on the first, and had what you call the nightmare on the second. Think of what I have said, and ask yourself why you should dream of being in this room with two men, one of whom was going to kill the other?"

The colonel thought (to himself), "What motive has this old rascal for trying to frighten me away?" Aloud, he said, "There is no accounting for dreams, Mr. McStair. There are many rooms in Scotland like this. The men of my dream were indefinite shadows, and I saw no blow struck. My nightmare and your—excuse me—old wife's tattle do not match."

That ended it.

When McStair had left, the colonel pumped his host about roofs and drains and water and so on, and got favorable answers. All was in excellent order, and there was no hint even of ghostly unpleasantness.

Their (the Overtons') only reason for giving up the place was that young Lord Beltown (just come of age) had taken over the shootings for his own use, and was building himself a house in their midst.

This affected the Maynaults in another way, but only one of them knew it. The young man before mentioned and now first named—Mr. Allan Salkeld—told Helen with a burst of delight that the engineering firm by whom he was employed were going to send him to Ross-shire, to plan some work for Lord Beltown and this would make him their neighbor for nearly a year.

"It's only about eleven miles away," he said gleefully.

"So far! she replied with a sigh.

"Oh, that's nothing, if——"

He laid his hands on hers, and their eyes met. There was no "if" about it; but they arranged that people should not be told yet.

On the third (and last) night of his stay at Forkeld as a guest, the colonel went to bed rather nervous. Nightmares have an ugly habit of repeating themselves, especially when one has been thinking about them during the day, but he went to sleep at once and had to be called twice in the morning.

"Now what a humbug McStair is!" he thought. "The old rascal don't like the idea of my doing my own business. It will be two hundred a year out of his pocket."

As the Overtons were going to live in London, a bargain was made under which the bulk of the furniture used at Forkeld and Cromwell Gardens was to be exchanged at a valuation, and so, after all, nothing was lost by the trip.

Lord Beltown's plans began with a shooting box at a place he called Ividmoir—just two rooms fitted up barrack fashion, and a hall for general purposes—that would do.

Then he thought that his sister would like to come, and he might invite some married people. So four good bed-rooms had to be added and—consequently—a drawing-room.

Next (happy thought!) he must have a study for himself in case he got bored by visitors, and a smoking room, and a gun-room, and a Turkish bath; and they (the fortunate architects) would have "to stick a dining-room in, somewhere." When at last the house was built, it was discovered that the water supply was peaty, and deficient, but a bright little lake up in the mountains could be tapped. "You've only got to lay some pipes," said Lord Beltown.

Now this lake was three miles away as the crow flies, and some six hundred feet above the level of his chimney tops. Moreover, the intervening space was all ups and downs, like the teeth of a saw, and of the rocks, rocky. No pipes would bear the pressure.

So Allan Salkeld was sent to find another way; and he did. He reported that with some heavy blastings (the debris of which could be utilized to fill in depressions elsewhere), the waters could be led round by falls and open culverts to the back of the house, where an ornamental reservoir could be constructed to meet all requirements.

More—if his lordship cared for it—an artificial cascade could be made in his gardens. His lordship jumped at the idea. This lake was called Loch Ween, and the mountains whose spurs were to be clipped with dynamite—Pentdeargh. Please remember these names.

Salkeld began his work in June, and the finding of some buried curios brought him in contact with Andrew McStair, who became eagerly interested in the proceedings and their proprietor, whom he claimed as a fellow countryman.

"Oh, yes," said Salkeld, "and we are proud of our Scottish ancestors. One of them has a romantic history. He was out with the Pretender in '45, distinguished himself at Preston Pans, and was nearly hanged for his pains. Afterwards he ran away with an heiress, and there was a fine row about it, as she was the daughter of a red hot Whig."

"Do you remember his name?" asked the old genealogist.

"Randolph."

"Odd—very odd. Tell me some more."

"I don't think I can from memory, but my mother has a Bible—stop; that reminds me, there was another; a famous divine, Dean of Carlisle in good King George's days, who preached long sermons and published them. My godfather gave me the book, and I had to read it. Oh, Mr. McStair! it was hard work."

"He offended the Prince Regent—otherwise he would have been a bishop. A worthy man, Mr. Salkeld. Do you think your mother would trust me with that Bible you have mentioned for a few days?"

"I am sure she would," he replied. And in fact she did.

"And so," continued McStair, changing the subject, "you are going to bring Loch Ween water down to Ividmoir. How do you get rid of your overflow from your cascade?"

"Easily. It will go into that stream at the bottom of Scayan Hill."

"And so into Lake Carron, and on to the sea. Wonderful!"

Salkeld smiled. That was the easiest part of all, but he did not know what was in his hearer's mind.

The Maynaults had, of course, a lot of linen and plate and pet rubbish to take north, and Salkeld volunteered to receive and place it all as well as a man can manage such things, and when they came themselves he was at the station to meet them with carts and carriages, and accompanied them to their new home, where he remained for three days, making himself very useful.

The following Sunday he brought Lord Beltown to visit his new neighbors, and little thought what a peck of trouble he was sowing. The young peer repeated these visits unconducted, and made himself very pleasant to all—all but Helen, who saw, to her horror, that he was becoming "foolish." Her astute mother saw this and something more, which led to Salkeld being summoned to the colonel's study, where he had a remarkably bad quarter of an hour, during which such charges as "dependent position," "presumption," "abuse of hospitality," etc., etc. were fired at him. Finally he was told that his visits to Forkeld must cease.

Helen also had her innings in the torture chamber and was bowled out with scorn. How could she be such an idot as to let this waterworks man (the colonel spoke of Salkeld as though he were a turncock) stand in the way of an earl.

It may be that these unpleasant interviews affected his nerves. Something brought back the almost forgotten night mare, and now it was horribly vivid. There could be no mistake about its scene. That was the dining-room. The actors were no longer dim shadows.

They stood clearly out—the one in velvet and lace, the other in the buff leather undress of a royal archer. And now, every time, he saw the blow struck. The horror came back night after night. He changed his bed room, but this only made matters worse.

In broad daylight he saw the victim of his ancestor's treachery, writhing on the floor, trying to make towards him, as though he had done the deed. He tried morphine and chloral—not a bit of use.

He had four days' shooting with Lord Beltown (roughing it in the yet unfurnished house), and got that much respite. As soon as he reached his own home the visitations came back, and stayed with him. He dared not tell his wife, and I hope he may be pardoned for the lies he invented to escape a doctor.

The borings for the great blasting which was to clip a slice off Pentdearg were now completed, and the dynamite slumbered in its lairs.

A goodly company was invited to see the show and be regaled in a marquee close to the firing point, where Miss Helen Maynault, by pressing a button, was to send four hundred tons of solid rock flying into the air. Lord Beltown arranged to let something else off—afterwards.

The first explosion was a perfect success. It cut like a knife. Old Pentdearg shuddered to his peak, and sent boulders rattling down as though shedding tears of stone in his pain.

The other "shot," charged by the young lord to raise Helen into the peerage, missed fire. She also shed some tears, but her heart was unmoved. For this offence papa and mamma, sitting in banco, condemned her to be sent off to her Aunt Margaret.

She would have preferred the county jail, for this ancient relative was a penitentiary in herself. The colonel took her (in custody) to the station, and there fell in with Mr. McStair.

Now the old antiquary and the young engineer had forgathered closely: the former knew the latter's love affair, and drew his conclusions when he saw the lady sent off in tears, unkissed by her angry father.

By this time the colonel had forced himself to admit that there must be something in the family weird, and now he resolved to consult McStair about it. He accepted his invitation to luncheon, and began [illegible] subject by an apology for his confusion [illegible] ous treatment of it on the for[illegible] his suffer[illegible]. He made a clean breast

ings, and ended—almost in despair—with the question, "What am I to do?"

"Go and live elsewhere," said McStair.

"I cannot," groaned the colonel.

"There may be another alternative," mused his adviser, "but I am afraid you will not recognize it."

"Let me hear it at any rate."

"Many strange things have happened, and are happening, Colonel Maynault; things that I can feel, but they are not capable of explanation. Have you read the preface to Scott's 'Guy Mannering'?"

"Years ago, but I forgot all about it."

"He treats of old prophecies and their fulfilment. I have here books on the same subject, respecting Thomas the Rhymer and the legends of Delamere Forest. They are very curious. Some turn on a pun or some quibble; others, founded on conditions which appeared (to the maker) impossible, have yet come to pass. I told you there was some—I called it doggerel at the time—ending with a prophecy, in your case."

"You did—what is it?"

"Wait awhile. Do you know who Allan Salkeld is?"

"Oh, I daresay he is a clever young man, but——"

"I am speaking of his lineage. Let us get back to the legend. The betrayed girl was kept a prisoner in your house after her brother's murder, and then she gave birth to a son.

"Both were expelled when the false lover married, and when the boy grew up a claim was made on his behalf, under our Scotch laws, to be considered the elder son and heir. His father had influence enough (or lied sufficiently) to have this rejected, and it seems as if the verses to which I have referred were made—I do not know by whom—on the occasion of this triumph.

"The disinherited man took his mother's name, Salkeld, and Allan is his direct descendant. Oh, yes, please don't interrupt. There is no doubt about it. He gave me two links in the chain, and I could supply some others out of my own knowledge; but I borrowed the family Bible, and that settled it."

"I don't see what this——"

"Let me go on in my own way. You came down here as a visitor, and had bad nights. At that time your daughter did not know that Allan loved her. When you came here to live they were engaged."

"Never."

"With their own consent, and you had no nightmares. Now, think, and tell me exactly when these returned."

"Good heavens! It was the very night after he—after I forbade him the house."

McStair leaned back in his chair and drew a long breath.

"Now," he said "for the prophecy." He took down a folio manuscript with a marker in it and read:

"The first love of woman, and last blow in fight,
Was the lot of the Maynault, his blessing and right;
But shame to the recreant—sorrow and woe!
To thy lover foresworn and the treacherous foe.
From father to son in the home of his race
Shall be horror and misery, shame and disgrace,
Till the love of a maiden atonement shall make,
Till the hand of a maiden Pentdreag shall shake;
Then Loch Ween's bright waters shall flow to the sea,
And the curse of the Maynaults uplifted shall be."

"There is the curse and there the prophecy. It is wonderful! Science, which ignores all that it cannot explain, has dissolved a mystery. The devil and all his works are no match for a true-hearted girl. Why, man alive! don't you see that you—you alone stand in the way of the uplifting? Pentdreag has been shaken by the touch of a maiden's hand. The waters of Loch Ween will find their way to the sea.

"Helen Maynault has refused a belted earl for the love of the man of her heart, and so made atonement for the murder of his forbear. As long as they are happy, poor bairns! the curse is suspended. You separate them, and down it comes again. Do you want any further proof?"

"I am so astounded, I—I cannot understand."

"No one can understand these things. Do you suppose that the seer who framed that prophesy dreamed that Lord Beltown would want Loch Ween water for a Turkish bath? Or that the pressure of a button—mine—would send an electric flash to spring a mine and shake a mountain? This is not the only one that has found fulfilment as it were in mockery of the forces of nature, or the power of mind, as understood by the prophet."

"Then the alternative that you offer is that I shall abandon a house which I cannot let; or else give my daughter to a man without position or prospects."

"Excuse me. I make no offer. As for Allan—I cannot agree with you that he is without prospects."

"He is fortunate in having so warm a friend. I presume you have told him all about this legend?"

"You are to presume nothing of the sort," said the old Scot warmly. "What I have said to you is in strict confidence."

"Have you no advice to give me?"

"None now. What I did give you you would not take."

"Why are you so hard—don't you see this is killing me?"

"You are certainly looking very ill," McStair replied, relenting.

"Can nothing be done? Has no attempt been made to——"

"All the resources of superstition have been exhausted. Masses have been said in every room. Our kirk has done its best. So called 'wise men' and 'wise women' has got rich over it. There is nothing the matter with the house so long as the head of the family is out of it. There is nothing the matter with him so long as he lives elsewhere."

"I am lost," groaned the colonel. "I have learned to thank God that I have no son."

At this moment someone was heard leaping up stairs; the door was banged open, and in came Allan Salkeld with a bounce. At the sight of Colonel Maynault he started back—surprised at his unexpected presence there, and shocked at the lamentable change in his appearance. For all his harshness he was Helen's father. Asked what had brought him into town, he replied:

"To answer this," handing an open letter to McStair. The old Scot put on his spectacles and read it with (to Allan) provoking deliberation. Then without a word he handed it to Colonel Maynault. It ran thus:

"DEAR SALKELD.

"My father will retire at the end of this year, when a new firm is to be formed in which Mr. Bates will not enter. My brother and I would like you to come in, and we offer you an interest, guaranteeing a thousand a year to begin with.

"Wire us as soon as you can whether this will suit you.

"Yours sincerely,
"GEORGE BEAUMONT."

"This," Allan said, addressing Maynault, "will, perhaps, remove some of your objections to me. I shall no longer be a 'mere dependent, liable to dismissal at any moment.'"

"You must give me time to think it over," said the colonel.

On his way home he summed it all up thus. "Helen takes after her mother. A partner in Beaumont & Co., with a thousand a year 'to begin with,' is not a bad match in these hard times; and if McStair is right—well well, I suppose I shall have to give in."

That night he slept the sleep of the blessed. The next day he went for Helen, and left word that Allan might meet them at the station on their return.

Before the year was out
Loch Ween to the sea flowed by rill and by river,
And the curse of the Maynaults was lifted forever.

I, who tell this tale as it was told to me, agree with Mr. McStair, and have no explanation to offer.

A Woman's Mission.

BY T. Y. R.

"MY dear Delia, whatever are comic sections, a deferential calculus, and an isosceles triangle? Really now, I want to know. I confess it, I own it, I do feel such an idiot in the company of you Girton girls."

The speaker was a square shouldered man of about thirty, attired in a serviceable tweed suit. He was not handsome, but decidedly well-looking, bronzed, honest and manly of expression, with a whole world of latent power beneath the quiet surface.

Leaning against a tree, he glanced at a young girl about seven years his junior, seated on a low garden chair, reading earnestly.

Her dress was almost severe in its simplicity, the only relief being most masculine looking collar and cuffs. Above the slightly sloping shoulders, poised on a soft, white, round throat, was a delicate little head, crowned by short-cut, frizzy golden hair, and a pretty face, which no masculine training could make other than purely feminine. Spanning the charming little nose was that abomination to feminine beauty—a pince-nez.

Lifting her eyes with reluctance from her book, as the speaker concluded, with a scornful curl of her delicate lip, she answered:

"You must be an idiot, indeed, Fred, if you do not know what a School Board boy will soon be able to teach you. The pons asinorum would be your affinity. As to your mispronunciation of the terms, that being, I believe, assumed, I shall not take the trouble to correct you."

"Thank you!" a glitter of fun in the brown eyes. "By the way, Delia, when you marry——"

"Marry?" The bright eyes, which had returned to the book, flashed up again. "Marriage with us women of advanced opinions is the very last thing in our consideration."

"But—pray, Delia, excuse my ignorance—we have both decided on the point of my stupidity—I thought a woman's legitimate mission——"

"A woman's legitimate mission," broke in his companion, "is the regeneration of the world. For the last two thousand years or more, it has been given man to do. During that period he has moved at a snail's pace.

"Why?"

"Because he has been eaten up by his own conceit, blinded by his own ego.

"Why?

"Because he has crushed and made subservient to his will the more delicate, but the more subtle intelligence of woman. To-day we have changed all that. It is now woman's turn; and wait, you shall see."

"After that, the deluge," murmured her cousin, Fred Constable. "But, my dear Delia, there is a point upon which I am awfully in the dark. If women forswear marriage, how can the world go on?"

"Bah! There will yet, unhappily, be enough frivolous, poor spirited women, who consider marriage the one end and aim of their lives, left to secure that."

"I understand. The surplus population need no longer be a subject of future concern with us," remarked Fred, with assumed gravity. Then stepping behind her chair, he glanced over her shoulder at the book.

"Homer, in Greek," he ejaculated. "Oh, ye gods!"

"My dear Fred, if you have no sensible means of filling your mind's vacuity, "exclaimed his cousin, irritably, "pray do not employ it in interrupting me."

"My dear Delia, as the inferior being, I cannot help it. There is so much I want to know. First, why, when a girl takes to advanced culture, she sticks on a pince-nez, as a total abstainer does a blue ribbon, and a Salvation lass a hideous bonnet? You have one of the prettiest, sweetest faces. I have seen many, but, in my opinion, none so pretty, so sweet. Why do you mar the gift of beauty Heaven has given you, by a disfigurement that makes you cock your chin in the air to keep it on; and which hides the clear, heaven-born light of your eyes?"

Did a deeper color flutter in his pretty cousin's cheek? Did the corners of her little mouth twitch as Delia tried to look scornful? He wasn't quite certain, for at the moment she rose, saying:

"Really, Fred, it's too bad! If you will not let me study Homer in peace here, I must go in doors to my own room."

"Confound Homer!" burst from Fred Constable's lips. "Though the poor, blind old gentleman, in all his beautiful feminine creations, from Helen of Troy to Penelope, never created a stronger-minded monstrosity."

"Thank you," remarked his cousin, looking back, "I am delighted you know so much of Homer, Fred, as that."

She walked from him towards the house, visible through the trees, and he did not follow; but throwing himself in the chair she had quitted, confounded "The Higher Education of Women, Advanced Views, Girton and Newnham," in a single lot.

Delia Morris had been one of the sweetest, most loveable of girls in her early school days; from which period, when Fred Constable grew to manhood, and understood his heart, he knew he had loved her—also, he was assured, she had loved him. At least, held him dearest in in her affection. When he got an invitation to Grayhope, which he frequently did, and never refused, the pleasure of it all seemed to centre in the one fair object—Delia.

There they were inseparables. They walked, rode, drove together, chatted and played croquet ad libitum. With Delia it was all "Cousin Fred." In an evil hour—so Fred Constable called it—however, Delia went to a fashionable High school, where the higher education and cramming went on to a great extent. The very atmosphere throbbed with learning.

Delia caught the infection. She adopted a pince nez, and, with her sworn friend and school chum, Sophia Hardy, who dominated her by her influence, and whose intellectual strong-mindedness she admired with a feeling akin to wonder and awe—went in for Cambridge exams., matriculated, and finally, to poor Fred Constable's despair, became a student at Girton.

The happy days for him at Grayhope were over. He still went there as often as he was invited, and his business as manager of some mines in the next county permitted; but it was not the same Delia he met.

So Fred Constable "confounded" them all, for spoiling his darling, dear, pretty little cousin, who, until then, had been the most beautiful thing in creation—a perfect woman.

He did not, however, at all give up the intention of marrying her. That never entered his mind, marred, spoiled, she yet to him was dearer than all other women could be.

Neither had he any doubt of her reciprocal affection. Over and over again, he told himself, when the craze was past she would return to her old gentle, light-hearted disposition which had won his affection.

But the craze lasted longer than he had expected. Somehow, with her eagerness to pass this and that exam., adopting the cry "Excelsior" for her motto, she seemed to drift further and further from him. At times his heart was grievously heavy. Hope fluttered its silver wings as preparatory to flight.

One evening, seated in his sitting room over at the mines, he had thought all their lives out again from the beginning.

"The day may come," he meditated, gloomily, "when Delia will once be herself. But suppose it does not arrive until the bloom of youth is past? Heaven knows, I don't condemn the higher education of women, if it only leave them gentle and lovable, as willing to perform their duties as man his. No power on earth is greater than that possessed by women, but it is slipping from them, fast—fast."

Was it to slip from Delia? Could he not save her? Until now he had but paid his court in a light vein. Let him show her how serious he was, that his happiness depended on her. Let him so arouse the love for him which he felt was secreted in her bosom.

Would not then Homer, mathematics, and the ambition of winning the laurels of senior wrangler be speedily cast aside for the noble position of wife?

"By Jove!" ejaculated the young manager, seizing the poker, and driving it at a mass of gaseous coal, which leaped into flame like laughter. "I'll go over to-morrow. My mind is pretty well at ease respecting that old working. I'll learn my fate. I'll—I'll save her."

His spirits had risen every yard that had taken him nearer Grayhope, only to make a considerable downward plunge when there. His tentative little speech, beginning, "When you marry——" had been met by almost horror, and an avowal that it was derogatory to a woman of advanced views even to admit the possibility into her thoughts.

"It's all that Sophia Hardy's doings, I know it is," he muttered, fiercely. "Under it all, Delia is still her old, dear self I'm certain."

Possibly; but how was he once more to make it dominant?

Should he give up hope, and return to the mines at once? No; he had come with the full purpose of asking his cousin to wed him, and he would do so, come what might.

Somehow he still clung to the belief that nothing could make a woman truly a woman like an offer of marriage from one she loved; and that she loved him he had not the least doubt.

That afternoon the opportunity he sought arrived. Mrs. Morris, having a headache, laid down after luncheon, Mr. Morris never put in an appearance until time to dress for dinner. Delia and Fred consequently were left to themselves, and a wet, chilly afternoon forced them to keep indoors.

Possibly she may have thought that she had been a trifle too hard in the morning,

for Delia was now more agreeable to him, consenting to chat upon quite commonplace topics, and to show interest in the old mine which had caused so much anxiety lately.

Delighted to find her in such a humor, he skilfully led the conversation to the old days when she was a girl with a governess at home, and he the big cousin who was all in all to her.

"My dear Delia," he asked, abruptly, "do you recollect my giving you your first riding lesson? You said, you remember, you would trust no one but me?"

"As if it were yesterday," she laughed.

"Do you know what hope got into my brain, then, when I walked by your side, showing you the use of the reins?"

She shook her head.

"A hope that has strengthened every hour until it is now a part of my life," he proceeded, more earnestly. "It was, dear, that one day that you would be my wife."

She started, looked quickly at him in surprise, then rejoined:

"I trust, my dear Fred, the hope has not still continued. It would really be too vexatious for you. Please don't look so grave, it's too absurd."

"Don't say that, Delia—don't mean it!" he exclaimed, now thoroughly in earnest. "Continued? It has continued to this moment. It will continue to my death. I loved you then, a pretty, frank, gentle girl—I love you now, darling, with all my heart, with all my soul. Be merciful to me, Delia, for your rejection condemns me to an existence of solitude and despair."

She too, was serious now.

"Fred," she answered, "I am very sorry for this, and—and I think after what I said this morning you ought not to have spoken. I was not jesting. No. I was most truthful. I do not intend to marry—never. Let those do whom it pleases, who do not mind having their independence taken from them. A married woman must either neglect her household duties, or her mind. My opinion is that woman is at last taking her right position. A woman's mission is a some'hing higher than—than these duties marriage must impose upon her."

"That is the pernicious teaching of Sophia Hardy," cried Fred Constable.

"Pray respect my friend——"

"Your friend! Rather your enemy. Let those who probably will never get a chance of an offer," proceeded her cousin, losing self-control, and his temper a little also, "rail against marriage, and say they'll never wed. The grapes are sour. But such sentiments from your lips, Delia, are abominable. They do not come from your heart, because they never have been in it. Heaven bestowed on you sweetness, beauty, that you should wed—your woman's mission is the selfish ego, of which you accuse our sex."

"My dear Fred, that is a point upon which we shall not agree, which is a strong reason why we should not wed. Still, let us be friends. And now it will be kind to both to say no more. It is too distressing."

"But one thing," he said, huskily; "tell me this. If these ideas had not been planted in your mind, if you had not put marriage from you—might I have hoped? Delia, would you have loved me?—and answered yes?"

She looked down evidently embarrassed, distressed. Then summoning courage, replied:

"Yes, it is more than probable I should." Then, as she saw his white face, a thrill of compassion softening her tones, she added, "I have never cared for anyone as I care for you, Fred; but I repeat I will not marry."

"Then listen," he said, in a low, agitated voice, also with deep intensity. "In saying no, you have ruined my life. You take from me my sole hope of happiness in this world. I must live, for suicide is a sin; but existence is a burthen which gladly shall I shake off."

"Fred—this is madness——"

"Stay! hear me out. Henceforth I am a reckless man—careless what becomes of me. Henceforth I shall meet danger as other men do pleasure, and if thus I am brought face to face with death, and fall beneath the scythe, know that it was your woman's mission that drove me into his grasp. Farewell!"

He made a violent effort to control his emotion, bestowed upon her one passing glance, turned and rushed from the room.

Delia Morris had stood stunned by his words; her heart beat fast; tears of pity were in her eyes. As he went from her the deep, despairing misery of his face came like a blow, all the dear old times he had been recalling rushing into her brain. She forgot everything else: her heart spoke, and, after a few brief moments to recover herself, swiftly she moved to the door, to bid him return, when it opened.

Ah, Fred had come back; she knew he would. It was cruel to have left her with those terrible words. No; it was not Fred, but a tall, thin, high-featured lady, with the inevitable pince nez, and evidently of most advanced and pronounced opinions.

"Sophia," ejaculated Delia, in surprise, not quite pleasurable; and cousin Fred's chance was lost.

Miss Sophia Hardy stayed a week, during which period Fred Constable never came near Grayhope. Delia was not astonished, and for the first time in her life she would have preferred her friend's room to her company. She wanted to see Fred again, to make it up with him. It would be very painful for any estrangement to exist between them. For the first time she found her thoughts straying from Miss Sophia's learned talk and advanced ideas. 'Shall Boadicea have a statue?' still Fred never came near Grayhope.

"My Dear Delia, what has come to Fred?' queried Mrs. Morris. "I never knew him to be absent so long. Have you two quarreled?"

"I hope not, mamma. I should be very sorry to quarrel with dear old Fred," was the response. "The fact is, I think, he wanted me to say I would marry him, which, of course, as I do not intend to marry—as my opinions are totally averse to marriage—I could not do, so he is, I fancy, just a little bit annoyed."

"Oh, that is it, is it?" remarked Mrs. Morris. Then she looked into Delia's pretty face, a smile on her lips, but said no more.

Another week, and still no Fred. Then one evening while at dinner, there came a violent ringing at the bell, soon after which an excited servant entered to say it was a messenger from the mines. After all their care there had been an explosion in the old working, wrecking much of the new. Some miners had been killed, some injured, among the latter the young manager, who now lay unconscious and terribly hurt.

Mr. Morris had the messenger in, a miner who had been an eye-witness to the whole affair. He was white, and all of a tremble yet, with a dilated, startled expression in his eyes; he breathed in long, deep respiration, and when Mr. Morais handed him a tumbler of champagne, drank it as though it had been water.

Then, as they gathered round him, graphically he recited his story; how the mighty roar, followed by the rush of gas, flame, and smoke up the shaft, told the fatal truth; how all within hearing rushed to the pit's mouth, the young manager among the first.

How, when the fumes cleared away, men volunteered to go down, among them the manager, again first.

All the man's listeners had risen, the servants had crowded outside the half-open door. Delia was as white as marble, her hands gripped the chair back, and, at the last announcement, they gripped so very tight, that the knuckles seemed to start pearly white through the skin.

The cage had gone down with the freight, and the work of rescue had commenced. Into many a gallery were they guided by the groans of the injured and the dying. It was an awful scene.

At last they came to one yet reeking with pestiferous fumes, out of which a moaning cry was heard. Who would enter at the risk of life to rescue one in evident sore distress?

"Bill Hank and Jess Fawn stepped for 'ard," proceeded the miner. "They are rare bricks, is Bill Hank and Jess. You see, it needed courage, for it wur thought there might be another explosion. If so, it were pretty certain death to the chaps in that there gallery.

"Well, as they stepped for'ard, the manager he goes in front o' 'em, his face very white, very set, it looked, in the light of the candles, and, sez he, 'Now, my lads, you're brave enough, I know, but it isn't of yourselves nor the poor chap yonder you must think, it's of your wives and little ones. Not one of you is going to take the risk, because I am. I've no wife, no one to mourn much for me, and when that's so, a man don't care particularly whether he lives or dies. Stand back!'

"We demurred. Then we said as how it was madness to go at all. But there were that brave look on his face as none but one of our stamp were in the habit of wear."

"We watched him go from us," proceeded the miner, with suppressed emotion. "Fainter, fainter grew his light; then all was dark. We waited—waited, scarcely daring to breathe. Then it came, a rush of air, a flash, a roar, that sent us all on our backs. None of us were much hurt; and directly we could, we penetrated into the gallery to find the manager."

"You found him?" asked Mr. Morris, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, we found him so injured, that he's lying still in the mine. The doctor won't risk bringing him up; and—and he's blind."

A cry burst from Delia at last. Falling into the chair, she covered her face.

The next moment, however, she again was on her feet. Mr. Morris was hurriedly preparing to start for the mines.

"Papa," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "you will take me with you. I must go."

"You, Delia? Nonsense!"

"Yes," put in Mrs. Morris, wiping away her tears; "take her, Matthew. If the poor dear boy recovers consciousness, it will be a consolation to him. If you don't return to night, I shall come over to-morrow."

So Delia went. She spoke but little on the way. Her eager eyes watched for the red glow in the heavens, which would tell her they were near the mines. Her hands were clasped beneath her cloak, and her soul was full of earnest prayer.

"Oh, Heaven, in Thy infinite mercy, let him live! Let him live! My darling! My noble love!"

Finally there was the glow; and here was the station, and the dogcart wired for to bear them to the spot of the catastrophe.

There were willing women and silent, dim-eyed men near, but all were ready to help the friends of the brave young manager.

He laid in a small, cut-out space, like a room, which had been made as comfortable as possible.

"My child, he has suffered much," said Mr. Morris, coming back to Delia. "Be strong. Will you still see him?"

"Most surely yes," firmly.

"Come."

He laid on a low bed, a bandage over his eyes, his face bruised, blackened—a sad, ghastly sight.

Quietly Delia drew near, and, stooping, gently kissed the silent lips. As she did so, she seemed to whisper some words—perhaps a prayer. Then she sat down by the side of the bed, on a barrel, saying:

"Papa, Fred asked me to be his wife a little while ago. I am going to nurse him back to life, that I may give him my answer."

And so she did, with help from some of the miners' wives. "Never did she leave the mine, and one day the doctor, taking her hand, exclaimed:

"He'll long be weak, Miss Morris, but he will live; and you—you alone, with your nursing, have saved him. Thank Heaven, too, his sight will be restored."

Then, for the first time, Delia wept.

A week later the young manager, holding his cousin's hand, whispers:

"Oh, my darling, how good you are! But how did it all come about?"

"Why," she answers, laughing, "I made a discovery, that to wed the man she fondly loves, and who fondly loves her, is a woman's true mission."

HINDOO POSTMAN.—The postal service in India extends as far north as Kolghur, a village of the Himalayas. Beyond this point a letter is sent by a native runner, who carries the missive for days in the split end of a stick, and delivers it at the end of his journey as clean as when he received it.

These runners are so honest that money is entrusted to them, which they will carry for days, along wild mountain tracks, where they could never be traced, and then deliver it into the right hands.

These runners are always spinning, as are also the other men of the mountains. With a bundle of loose, short wool in the breast of their blouses, and a small stick for a distaff, they spin yarn as they go and come, or while waiting for hours at their employer's door.

THEY who continually insist expression and proofs of attachment, and who are themselves profuse in their own professions of it, have but little depths of soul in which friendship can take root and flourish.

[illegible] Cooling Board Wax. It is put [illegible] Made of Ivorine. It Cannot [illegible] your skin, as it is not a poison. Worth many times the price to you. Send us 10 cents in silver or stamps and we will send you a box post paid.

At Home and Abroad.

New York leads the list of states in the number of its religious publications, the number being one hundred and sixty-two; Pennsylvania comes next with one hundred and forty-seven, and Illinois third with one hundred and four. Idaho is the only section of the Union that is not credited with any. The new territory of Oklahoma has two religious papers.

The first Chinaman to enter the ministry in New York State is Hui Kin, who was ordained recently at University Place Presbyterian Church. He has been educated under the care of the presbytery, and has been very successful in mission work among his countrymen. He will hold Chinese services in New York, and hopes eventually to organize a church of converted Chinamen.

A negro of Athens, Ga., recently got a cinder in his ear, which caused him considerable annoyance and pain. He went to a doctor and asked him to cure his ear, which was badly swollen. The doctor charged him $1, and the negro agreed to pay it. The doctor took the cinder out in a jiffy, and the negro refused to pay him, saying he hadn't done enough to him to warrant the charge. The doctor put him him back in the chair and put the cinder back in his ear. The negro paid him the dollar before he got the cinder out again.

Various campaigns and crusades against noise have been waged with more or less success—with enough, at least, to suggest the growth of a righteous sentiment in favor of the suppression of unnecessary noise in the world. An incident just reported from Islip, Long Island, is a straw showing that the wind is blowing in the right direction. One of the wealthy residents there brought a suit to restrain the captain of a steamboat from blowing his whistle at the unseemly hour of 4 a. m., and on the second trial won his case, being warmly supported by several well-known citizens having summer homes in that place. This is a cheering circumstance. Preventable noises are a public nuisance, and ought to be sternly suppressed.

The Rev. Harry Jones tells a story drawn from Portland Prison which is worth reproducing. On going into the library Mr. Jones asked what were the favorite books of the prisoners, and was told, to his surprise, that Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" was more frequently asked for than any other. As there was a surgeon always ready to attend to the ailments of the convicts, the reason for this searching after medical knowledge was difficult to find; but he afterward learned that the description of the symptoms of illness was carefully studied by the inmates of the prison as a scientific guide in the shamming of sickness. A successful malingerer was relieved of his task, and obtained the coveted idle time on sick leave.

When Admiral Stephen B. Luce was a young lieutenant on the old ship Constellation he was known equally for his capabilities as an officer and for his roystering tendencies. His readiness to wit was also a marked quality, as is shown by the following story, that is a favorite in the wardrooms of the navy to this day: The ship was at Newport, and the Lieutenant entered fully into the social pleasures of that gay city. As he went aboard one evening, after an afternoon out, the officer of the deck noticed that his step was not as steady as it might be, and, in his sternest tones, said: "Mr. Luce, you're tight, sir!" Quick as a flash came the answer: "If Stephen B. Luce, now can he be tight, sir?" The future Admiral heard no more of the matter.

Silverware will keep better if put away in a bread-mixing paper.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
[illegible]
[illegible] & Co., Toledo, O.

Our Young Folks.

THE GIANT CHRISTOPHER.

BY H. P.

ONCE upon a time—I suppose it would be more than fifteen centuries ago—there lived a great giant, named Offerus. I can't tell you how high he was, for some of the accounts described him as so immense that I am unable to believe them. At all events, he was very tall and strong, and very proud of his great strength.

On reaching manhood, he determined that his one aim in life should be to serve the mightiest king in the world. At first, knowing of no monarch more powerful than the king of his own country, he became a soldier under him, and for some time fought for him and helped to gain several victories. But one day there came tidings of another king across the sea, of even greater renown than his own.

True to his aim, he at once severed him self from his old associates, and the fame which he had acquired, and set off to find and serve this new master. He had no fear about being accepted. He knew that strength such as his would be prized anywhere.

After many days' journey, he reached at length a noble palace, where he found the king whom he sought. Gladly the warlike monarch received him. But Offerus, before entering his service, desired to know whether the king had any enemies he feared, who were stronger than himself.

The king laughed at the bare idea, and assured him that everyone in all the countries round trembled at the mention of his name. And so Offerus joined the favorite regiment of this warrior-like king, and went forth to fresh conquests.

For a long time all went well, but one day a great entertainment was held at the palace, and nobles and princes came from far and near to do homage to the king, and share in the festal amusements.

A great feast was prepared, and while the guests crowded the great hall the minstrels sang of warlike deeds. As Offerus listened to the songs, he noticed every now and then, at the mention of a certain name, that the king turned pale and crossed himself.

"What means my master by this strange behavior?" cried the giant. "Surely he is not afraid! Who is this Satan whose name can make the cheek grow pale?"

"Satan is the king of evil," answered the monarch, "and I fear him because he does me much harm."

"Ho! ho!" said Offerus, "methinks if you fear him he must be stronger than you. I will go and seek him, for I can only serve the mightiest."

The king besought, the nobles pleaded, but all in vain. Offerus would not be stayed, and forthwith set out to find his new master.

They told him that a great dense forest, several miles away, was often frequented by the terrible personage he sought, and thither he fearlessly made his way. The sun was sinking as he reached the lonely wood, but without a pause he plunged into the thicket.

After wandering for some hours, calling loud at intervals for the stranger being with whom he sought service, he found himself at length in an open space, in the midst of which stood an altar surrounded with dead men's bones.

Now, whether he was too weary to proceed, or whether he fancied Satan was most likely to appear in this place, I do not know; but, selecting a level couch of turf, Offerus stretched his great length upon it, and was soon fast asleep.

He dreamed the earth opened near at hand and a horseman, mounted on a coal-black steed, came swiftly through. Offerus sprang to his feet. It was no mere dream. The horseman had reached his side, and, addressing him by name, said:

"I am the king whom thou seekest. My name is Satan. If thou wilt serve me, all the pleasures of the world shall be thine."

"Before I vow to serve thee," answered Offerus, "I must know whether thou art in very truth the strongest king in the world. My last master was great and powerful, but the name of Satan made him tremble. Tell me, then, truly, is there any king whom thou fearest? for none but the strongest shall be my lord."

And the king of darkness laughed, and said:

"S ; my Offerus; there is no one."

Then the simple yet earnest soul swore allegiance to Satan, and together they journeyed through many lands. Mirth and folly and sin attended them, until the giant was known far and wide as a monster of wickedness, and was called by many "the unrighteous." One day, as they traveled along a lonely country road, Offerus noticed in front a rude wooden cross, such as may still be seen upon the Continent, mutely appealing to passers-by to remember the suffering of our Saviour.

"What is the meaning of that?" said he, pointing it out to his companion.

But Satan stood dismayed, and sought to avoid explanations.

"Come now," said Offerus, "tell me, if thou can'st, that thou fearest no one. Methinks, if truth be told, there is one King even mightier than thou."

And Satan said:

"It is true, my Offerus. There is a King who is more powerful than I am. His name is Jesus Christ, and He died on one of these crosses to show to mankind how gently He loved them. But his kingdom is one of gentleness and goodness, and His servants are pure and loving, and peaceable. Such as thou art would be spurned from His company."

"At all events," said Offerus, "I will seek Him. Perchance He may have need of my great strength."

And, in spite of many bitter taunts, the giant, still true to that great aim of serving only under the strongest Lord of all, turned his back upon Satan and pursued his way alone.

Day by day he wandered on, asking of each one he met where he should find the Christ. But none could say. At last one evening, weary, and disappointed with a long and fruitless search, he reached a cave where an aged hermit dwelt.

"My son," said the good old man, to whom he told his story and the object of his life, "there is but one way of finding the Christ. It is to leave the world and live a life of penance and prayer in some lonely cell."

But the giant answered:

"This I cannot do. I have but one thing to offer the King I seek, and that is my great strength."

The hermit mused awhile, and then replied:

"It may be possible even thus to serve Him. On the morrow I will tell thee more."

In the morning, after a frugal meal, the anchorite led his guest across a dreary, stony wilderness, to where a broad, swift river flowed.

„Many pilgrims," said he, "pass this way, journeying to the holy city. Neither ferry boat nor bridge are here, and the ford is always dangerous, doubly so when the river is in flood. If thou wilt live here and spend thy life and strength in carrying timid souls across the stream, thou wilt be serving the Christ King, and some day thou mayest see Him."

And the giant gladly stayed, and built himself a hut upon the bank. From a clump of young trees not far away he selected a strong, straight stem, and, cutting it down, trimmed and shaped it into a staff. With this he supported himself in passing through the rushing waters when he bore the pilgrims over.

Thus the months and years went by, and old age began to creep upon those stalwart limbs; but still he patiently and faithfully performed the work to which he had devoted himself.

Long years of waiting, and still no glimpse of the Christ King he had so longed to see! One night he entered the hut wearied with a hard day's labor, and laid himself down on the rude couch to rest.

Without the wind roared loudly, and the swollen river rushed foaming by in the gloom. Suddenly a voice—a childish, plaintive voice—reached the drowsy giant's ear, and, springing to his feet, he went out into the storm. But it was in vain that he searched for the child, and he returned at length to his couch.

"I must have been dreaming," he thought, and once more lay down to rest, when again the treble accents came, borne by and mingling with the hurricane.

"Dear, kind giant, please come and carry me across!"

Again he went on a fruitless search, and went back disappointed to the hut. A third time the child's appeal reached him.

"It came from the other bank," he said to himself, and, taking his trusty staff, he went down into the dark waters and buffeted his way to the opposite shore.

Here he found a sweet faced child, with wondrous eyes of pity, dimly seen in the deepening gloom, waiting his approach. Feeling the little one upon his broad shoulder, he strode cheerfully back into the stream. Deeper and deeper the waters grew, and heavier and heavier became his burden. A whole world seemed to crush him down, until his giant frame tottered and his stout staff bent like a bow.

Then, in despair, he cried aloud for help and pity, and from somewhere new strength seemed to reach him in his need. And thus he reached the other shore in safety, and placed the child upon the bank.

Then said the little one:

"Brave and faithful servant, I am the Christ King whom thou seekest. Offerus no longer, thy name henceforth is Christopher, which means the Christ-bearer. Take thy staff and plant it by the river side, and on the morrow thou shalt find sweet scented blossoms cover it. Thus shalt thou know it is no dream. And now henceforth, trust not thy strength, which fails in aged limbs, but look for help to Me. Within thy heart My voice will speak to guide, to strengthen, and to cheer."

And in the morning, when Christopher awoke and rose to look at his staff, it was found thickly spread with snowy blossoms.

A new joy now filled the old man's heart, and when, as time went by, the governor of the neighboring town sent and demanded that he should renounce the faith he held, he scorned the threats, and joyfully perished at the stake, true and devoted to the last.

How full of lessons is this beautiful old legend. Think for a moment of the intense zeal with which he sought the strongest king in the world, waiting long years, before the Christ appeared, yet serving the unknown Master so faithfully. And may not we all be Christ bearers in our daily lives?

For us there need be no waiting and longing for the Master's coming. If we yield our hearts to His rule and obey His voice, looking daily and hourly to Him for help in our battles against temptation and selfish inclinations, doing the little duties which meet us day by day, then our lives, barren and fruitless without Him, will blossom like the staff of Christopher.

THE PROMISE OF YOUTH.—What a terrible mistake we do make in this matter to be sure! Is there a family in the land where the genius has not grown up into a very poor creature—whose cygnet has put on no swan's plumage as he swam down the stream of years? If the despised fool has not as often developed into a genius, it is that geniuses are rare birds that do not roost on every perch.

If we were quite wise ourselves, of course we should make these mistakes less often; but are they not almost impossible to avoid? How can we look on a bright child, quick in thought, ready in speech, and full of childish wit and fun, and refrain from doing the little rule of three sum about it? If the child of eight is so clever, what will the man of thirty not be?

Or, again, how can we guess that the dull, thick-witted child, sleepy and listless, who has never seen a gleam of the other's wit, who has none of the charm and brightness of the other, dull in perception and slow in speech—how can we guess that he is a genius in disguise? How can we tell that the quick early growth of the one will be arrested, that his wit will crystallize into flippancy, and his cleverness into disputatious dogmatism—that the future Lord Chancellor will make a briefless barrister, the future bishop a croquet-playing curate, the general a half-pay captain, and so forth? And what is to make us guess that the heaviness and cloudiness of the other is but the ferment of great mental powers, the mysterious development of a grand intellect?

LIKED ALMANACS.—In a small German town an innkeeper, to get rid of a book-peddler's importunities, bought an almanac from him, and, putting it into his pocket, left the inn, his wife just then coming it to take his place. The woman was then persuaded to buy an almanac, not knowing that her husband had one already. The husband, shortly returning and discovering the trick, sent his porter to the railway station after the peddler, with a message that he wished to see the latter on important business. "Oh, yes," said the peddler, "I know! He wants one of my almanacs; but I really can't miss my train for that. You can give me half a florin and take the almanac with you." The porter paid the money and carried the third almanac to the innkeeper.

Dandruff, the evil of them destroys its vitality and causes baldness. It is no fad to cut. Before it is too late, apply Hall's Hair Renewer, a sure remedy.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Capitol at Washington is at last to be lighted by electricity.

The Emperor William is allowed a salary of over $2,000,000 a year.

Down to the year 1890 Krupp had delivered to European nations over 16,000 cannon.

Forty-seven members of the House of Commons take daily rides on the bicycles.

The commander-in chief of the Sultan of Morocco's army is a Scotchman, by name Kaid McClain.

The recipes of over 300 different oils and perfumes have been preserved in the remains of Roman literature.

The suppression of bull fighting in the South of France has resulted in serious disturbances in several towns.

A new process of making gas from crude petroleum, water and peat is being tried in Boston with good results.

The letter "O" sounds odd for a name, but there is a distinguished family in Belgium whose name is O, no more and no less.

A pure white crow was caught on Texada Island, B. C., a few days ago. It was taken from a nest in which were several black crows.

Grasse, in France, contains over 100 factories which distil perfumes from the flowers of the orange, jasmine, rose, violet, cassia, tuberose and other plants.

The Brewers's Journal states that English syndicates have $91,000,000 invested in American breweries the dividend on which, at 2 per cent. last year was $8,190,000, and was paid in gold.

In the last month a sheep herder on a big ranch near Rosenburgh, Ore., has twice had the experience of killing three panthers in one day. They were all fully grown averaging 8 feet in length each.

The Swedes of Chicago and Illinois are about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their settlement in Illinois. There are at present 43,042 Swedish-born citizens in Chicago and about 75,000 in the State of Illinois.

Two Frenchmen with a woman the wife of one of them, have started to go round the world with a wheel-barrow. The barrow is large enough for one person to sleep in at a time, and all three will take turns in pushing it along.

At Siegen, in Westphalia, the 400th anniversary of the opening of the Eisenzecher Zug coal mine was celebrated recently. It was begun in 1495 as an open working; its main shaft is now 1500 feet deep and is to be sunk soon another 300 feet.

Paris possesses a cyclist lamp-lighter. His route is under the fortifications, and he carries his long lamp-lighter's pole over his right shoulder and guides the machine with his left hand. He goes his rounds and lights all his lamps without once dismounting.

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed, which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fibre proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of 60 miles weighs only 2½ pounds.

A party of hunters in Boardman, Mich., patiently waited all night under a tree in which they had treed a coon for a shot at the animal. At the first streak of dawn one of the Nimrods drew a bead on the doomed animal, and brought it down, but when it came it wasn't a coon at all, but a black cat.

It is frequently the custom for merchants in Scotland to buy potatoes when in the ground and undertake the lifting and carting. For this purpose they often communicate with a man in Ireland, called a "gaffer," who takes a gang of young women over to assist, and the Irish women are some of the best workers in the field.

Perhaps the largest ear of corn raised in the State of Michigan was shown in Sanilac county recently. It was a fine specimen, having 22 rows to the ear and 40 kernels to the row, making a total of 880 kernels to the ear, enough corn when shelled to fill a quart measure. The field where this corn was grown grew stalks 16 feet high.

Joseph B. Crowley, United States Treasury agent in charge of the seal islands, who has just arrived at Seattle with the patrol fleet, says that the seals have approached so closely to extermination that they can now be counted. Naturalists from all parts of the world, anticipating the herd's extinction, are clamoring for specimens.

Superintendent Badenoch, of the Chicago Police Department, has issued an order that practically places the city under martial law after midnight. Every policeman in town who is on patrol duty after 12 o'clock P. M. is instructed to stop all persons found on the streets and make inquiries as to their names, business and destination.

In 1862 the coffee trees of Ceylon were attacked with a blighting disease; it spread rapidly, and now the coffee crop of that island no longer influences the market. In 1879 the same disease appeared in Java, and in 1889 [illegible] loss of $50,000,000. Until lately the tea plantations seemed to be exempt, but at last, it is said, the calamity has spread there also.

"IF!"

BY A. G. R.

If you were sitting talking to me there,
There—in that chair;
If I were watching your dear face—your face
So passing fair;
Holding your hands in mine, my joy would be
A perfect thing;
And my glad heart within my breast would thrill
And flit and sing;
As some sad bird who thinks her nestlings gone,
Flusters and cries,
Then finds them 'neath a hiding place of leaves,
And sorrow dies,
The while her clear song rises to the sky
In ecstasies!

OF PRECIOUS STONES.

No other gem has been counterfeited with such perfection as the emerald, and it is sometimes almost impossible to distinguish the artificial from the real by the aid of the eye alone. One of the treasures forming part of Alaric's spoils in the 6th century was what is known as King Solomon's emerald table.

It is described by enthusiastic Arab writers as a marvel of beauty, being formed of a single slab of solid emerald encircled with three rows of fine pearls, and supported on 365 feet of gold and gems. It was probably a specimen of the ingenuity of the glass workers of Tyre or Alexandria, and not a true emerald as it was believed to be. No doubt a great ignorance prevails about precious stones among the wearers and owners.

The true emerald became much less rare in Europe after the conquest of Peru. The Spaniards possessed themselves of the hoards which had been increasing for centuries in the hands of the priests of the goddess Esmeralda, who was supposed to dwell in an emerald of the shape and size of an ostrich egg. These priests persuaded the people that the goddess esteemed the offering of emeralds higher than any other, and so on fetes and holy days immense numbers were brought by the worshippers as devotional offerings.

Although a great many of these were ignorantly broken by the conquerors, Cortez was able to present a hundredweight of emeralds to the King of Spain, besides several of exquisite and rare beauty which he gave to his bride on her marriage with him, and which created envy in the heart of the Queen of Spain and his loss of favor at court.

There can be no doubt that emeralds were known and venerated in remote ages. It was the fourth of the gems mentioned in the Bible as worn in the breastplate of the high priest. They are mentioned in the 27th Chapter of Ezekiel: "Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of wares of thy making; they occupied thy fairs with emerald, purple and broidered work, fine linen, agate and coral."

The emerald is mentioned also in Rev. xxi. 19, as the fourth foundation of the New Jerusalem, and again the 4th chapter and 3rd verse, where the rainbow of the New Convenant is spoken of as like unto an emerald, ever precious, beautiful, and refreshing.

The emerald held a very high place in the esteem of the ancients; it represented to them hope in immortality, exalted faith and victory over sin, and was endowed by them with very high attributes. It was an old Hebrew tradition that if a snake or serpent fixed its eyes upon the lustre of the emerald, it immediately became blind.

It was supposed to possess powerful medicinal qualities. Taken internally, it was considered a cure for venomous bites, fever and leprosy; if powerless to cure the evil, it shivered into atoms; applied to the lips it was declared to stop hemorrhage; worn round the neck, it dispelled all vain terrors, was a restorer of sight and memory, and brought victory to the wearer. It was a firm belief that it taught the knowledge of secrets and future events. It is wonderful how those little bits of stones became endowed with such extraordinary virtues!

Objects were supposed to appear in a more favorable light when seen through an emerald, which explains why Nero used one when looking at the combats of the gladiators. It was an old belief that he who dreamed of green gems would become renowned and meet with truth and fidelity, while on the other hand, the falling of an emerald from its setting was regarded as an ill-omen to the wearer, and this last superstition obtains even in our day.

When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown. America was lost in his reign, and was considered by many to have been thus foreshadowed.

Queen Elizabeth sent to Henry IV., the champion of the reformed faith, a beautiful emerald which she herself had worn. She gave it as a token of esteem, and reminded him that the gem possessed the virtue of not breaking so long as faith remained firm and entire.

Very few engraved emeralds have descended to us from ancient times. This is not due to the hardness of the stone, but that it was evidently exempted on account of its beauty and great value. There is one, however, in the Devonshire gems of great antiquity and of great value, a large emerald cut into a gorgon's head in high relief.

Another with a history was the ring belonging to Polycrates, B. C. 530, which he was induced to throw into the sea as an offering to the gods for forty years of prosperity. It was an exquisite emerald, and he grieved over the loss of it; but a few days later he received a present of a large fish in which his ring was found.

The Shah of Persia has a little casket of gold studded with emeralds which is said to have been blessed by Mahomet, and has the property of rendering the royal wearer invisible as long as he remains unmarried.

The emerald was formerly much used for ornaments of dress and carriages. At the famous marriage feast of Alexander and his eighty companions with their beautiful Persian brides, emeralds seem to have the favorite gem worn, and to have been esteemed above all other ornaments except the beautiful pearls of the Persian Gulf.

Pliny says that Paulina at the banquet was literally covered with emeralds and pearls in alternate rows.

In the fabulous life of Alexander the Great, printed towards the close of the 15th century, the hero found in the palace of the vanquished monarch many and great treasures, among which was a vine having its branches of gold, its leaves of emeralds, and its fruit of other precious stones.

Grains of Gold.

Faith and trial are true friends.

Faultless people have few friends.

There are many beggars who do not beg for money.

It ain't often that a man's reputation outlasts his money.

The heathen were not all born in a heathen country.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

The man who is close with money is often liberal with advice.

Many are more anxious to be considered right than to be right.

Do right yourself, and you will help some other man to behave himself.

The poorest people in the world are those who try to keep all they get.

We are very poor when we have nothing that will do more for us than our money.

When a child begins to ask questions, it has started to climb up the hill of knowledge.

If some people would think twice before they speak, they would keep still most of the time.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom, many people have thought they were wise, when they were only windy.

'Tis but a step from the straight and narrow path of an upright life to the thorns and brambles of a wilderness of sin.

Femininities.

If you want to please a new woman tell her she is every inch a man.

The Queen of Italy, it is said, never wears the same pair of stockings twice.

Perhaps, after all, the brightest liberty belle in this country is the lovely American girl.

Madagascar's queen is described as looking very pretty and piquant in light blue silk knickerbockers.

"There is nothing now to ma our happiness," as Bass remarked when his wife's mother took her departure.

Sue Brett: "I have never had any love in my life." Hardduppe: "Marry me and you will have nothing else."

She: "Those pictures don't look a bit like me." He: "No; that photographer spares no pains to try and please people."

"Since taking three bottles of your sarsaparilla," writes a resident of Maine to her druggist, "I am a new woman."

A St. Paul bookkeeper has whittled one of his finger nails into a quill pen, which he doesn't have to stick above his ear to have it handy.

The Duke of York shows a disposition to give his little son a chance for the British crown by smoking from forty to fifty cigarettes a day.

"What kind of a tie do you admire most?" he asked as he made his regular call. "The marriage tie," she answered truthfully and without hesitation.

He: "Higbee would have run through his fortune in a month if it hadn't been for his wife." She: "How did she prevent it?" He: "She spent it herself."

Watts: "Does your wife ever object to your poker playing?" Potts: "Oh, not violently. All she asks of me is that I will start for home as soon as I find myself a good winner."

Mr. Swinburne, who is considered by many to be the greatest living English poet, is a devotee of croquet. Like many well known players, if he loses a game he flies into a passion.

"He is eternally comparing me with his first wife, to my disadvantage." "You don't know how well off you are. Wait till you are married to a man who compares you not only to his first, but to his second and third."

William C. Keickler, a St. Louis restaurant keeper, is an up to date man, and is determined that his dozen waiter girls shall be also. He has issued an order that hereafter they shall wear bloomers during business hours.

In Belding, Ore., the women cyclists wear short skirts over their bloomers while riding through the streets of the town; but when the country is reached the skirts are removed and the wheelwomen proceed unencumbered.

Margaret Neilson, an old woman, who lived near Independence, Ky., recently, feeling her end near, walked 16 miles to an undertaker, bought a cheap coffin and a burial robe and carried them on her back to her home. A week later she died.

Queen Victoria will wear none but black gloves. She commenced to wear one-button gloves at the beginning of her reign. To-day, when girls think nobody a real lady without six button gloves, the Queen has only from two to four.

"The doctor is very much worried about my husband," said little Mrs. Youngwife, "but I'm not. He's good for twenty years yet." "How do you know that?" "One of the most substantial insurance companies in the country has assured him of it."

An amusing incident occurred in the Biddeford, Me., Municipal Court recently. A woman was on trial for banging her husband over the head. She was fined $3 and costs. Instead of paying the fine herself, she said he'd have to pay it, as she had no money. So the husband fished out a well worn pocketbook and produced the necessary funds to pay the bill.

Miss Linda Gilbert, who died at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., last week, was known throughout the West as "The Prisoners' Friend." She was born in Chicago, and very early in life became interested in the work of reforming and bettering the condition of convicts. She established the first county jail library in Chicago, besides many others in jails in different parts of the country, particularly in New York city and State. During her life she assisted, largely from her own means, more than 3,000 convicts, and brought many to lead again honest lives.

According to the Kennebec, Me., Journal, there is a smart young woman in that State "who, besides doing the housework for quite a large family this fall, did the milking and took all the care of two cows, the hogs, chickens, horses, etc., picked fourteen bushels of apples, put them in the cellar, pulled two stacks of beans and hauled three large loads of pumpkins, and, after digging and picking up fifteen bushels of potatoes, pulling forty bushels of beets and turnips and twenty-five hundred cabbage, put them all in the cellar herself."

Masculinities.

Hoax: "Do you own the house you live in?" Joax: "I used to." Hoax: "Sell it?" Joax: "No; got married."

Ancient female, trying to be sweet to a great football player: "And do you often break your neck at football?"

Boys are apt to be forgetful about a good many things, but they do not often start off to school on Saturday morning.

There is still a considerable debt in connection with Mr. Parnell's grave. A penny subscription is to be started in Dublin.

It is asserted that a man cannot destroy his life by holding his breath, but he may probably prolong the lives of others.

Edward Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., two weeks ago cast his 73rd consecutive Democratic vote for town officials. He is 94 years old.

Joseph Nesbitt, once a mining king worth $1,000,000, died recently in a Chicago lodging house. His ruin was due to gambling and morphine.

One of the most eminent authorities of the day on nervous illness says that bicycling is a sovereign remedy for every form of neurasthenia.

He: "Higbee would have run through his fortune in a year if it hadn't been for his wife." She: "How did she prevent it?" He: "She spent it herself."

The bicyclist Zimmerman's great success is ascribed to his abnormally large heart, which is declared by the doctors to be two inches longer than the average.

King Menelick, the Abyssinian ruler, who was killed by a stroke of lightning, used to boast that he was a lineal descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

One of the meanest white men on record is a fellow in New York, who, after playing poker some half dozen times with four friends, had them arrested for gambling.

The silverware belonging to Queen Victoria's table would keep her from starvation for the remainder of her life if the worst came to the worst. It is valued at $12,500,000.

Women have worn their hats punched into so many extraordinary shapes that it seems more or less remarkable that they have never yet conceived the idea of wearing them inside out.

When a boy is ordered against his will to take the coal scuttle down-stairs and fill it, it is astonishing the number of articles he will accidentally strike that scuttle against before getting back.

Near the bed of Prince Bismarck, in his room at Friedrichsruhe is a pair of scales, on which the ex Chancellor weighs himself every morning. Recently he has weighed about 215 pounds.

A North Carolina court decides that to hold the hand of an unmarried female for an hour, squeezing the same now and then, is equivalent to a proposal of marriage whether either party says a word or not.

He: "I have never loved but once in all my life." She: "What!" He: "Fact, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."

F. J. Loftus, who started to walk from Green Bay, Wis., to New Orleans on stilts in 55 days, is laid up at Depere for a few days. On starting out he fell off the stilts and broke one of the small bones in his right forearm.

A citizen of France, impressed for 28 days' military service at Lyons recently begged for a reprieve on account of his wife's serious illness, and because she needed his care. The petition was refused, and thereupon man and wife committed suicide by taking strychnine.

McGarvin, a California fisherman, who lives at Almamites bay, is an expert shark catcher. He fishes for them by means of stout lines fastened to stakes on shore. They are sold for the oil in them, and the Chinese consider their fins quite a delicacy. He recently caught eight in one day.

Mrs. Nurich: "I never seen such a bold-faced thing as that Mr. Reeder." Her friend: "You surprise me." Mrs. Nurich: "Surprise you? Why, I was completely flabbergasted. I had a pretty magazine, brand-new, layin' on the parlor table, and he deliberately took his knife and cut the leaves apart before my eyes, spoilin' the whole thing."

The Queen's favorite toy is a working model of the heavens, showing the whole of the solar system, the celestial poles, and the sun. A small model of the moon revolves round the earth, whilst all the planets with their satellites are fully represented. This model is the best possible aid to the study of astronomy, therefore it can scarcely be classed as a plaything.

A gold medal has been awarded to Herr Prosch as a reward for his success in introducing tropical birds into German forests. With the exception of canaries and African parrots, all the birds imported from tropical regions have been acclimatized, and even the young of the former have survived the severity of last winter. The new bird colony is situated in Southern Saxony.

Latest Fashion Phases.

An extremely stylish tea gown was made of gros grain satin and trimmed with Decca muslin, embroidered with roses in shades of pink and yellow. The gown is cut slightly decolete, fitting snugly in the back to the waist, where soft artistic folds form the train. The grain satin laid in two boxpleats on either side of the front opens to reveal a loose flowing drapery of the embroidered Decca muslin. The loose fronts of green satin are lined with pink satin. The decolletage is edged with a full frill of India muslin with stitchings the colors of the roses. The bouffante sleeve is slashed with the embroidered muslin and terminates at the elbows, being finished by three graduated ruffles of India muslin.

A pretty, inexpensive gown is made of sage green cashmere and trimmed with pale rose colored fancy silk, dark green velvet and cream colored lace. The closely fitted gown has a short train, and a loose drapery of rose silk in the front falling from the neck. A deep revers collar of green velvet, enriched by a ruffle of lace, extends below the bust. Two horizontal straps of velvet fasten over the rose silk just above the bust. The draped collar of rose silk is ornamented at the back by a jabot of lace. The large puff sleeve has a close-fitting lower manche ornamented by a lace cuff.

An elegant tea gown is fashioned of pale pink and white shot silk. It consists of a plain, half low bodice and long-trained skirt, lined with mauve silk, but not stiffened. Over this gown is a pleated bodice of mauve chiffon, passed under the belt and covering the front and left side of the skirt. On the right this overskirt or drapery falls in coquille folds from the end of a long bretelle of mauve satin embroidered with appliques of lace, pearl beads and sequins. The bretelle on the left side is longer and reaches to the edge of the skirt. The draped belt is made of mauve satin. The bishop sleeve is of unlined pink chiffon, with a wristband of mauve silk; over this is a pleated wing sleeve of mauve chiffon that merges into the blouse bodice under the bretelles. Epaulettes of embroidered mauve satin embellish the shoulders and conceal the dividing line between the bodice and the wing sleeves.

A stylish tea gown is made of Liberty velveteen in a rich, deep shade of pansy purple. The loose, artistic draperies are mounted both in front and back on a small pointed yoke of the velveteen, richly embroidered in a floral design, in shades of purple, from darkest violet to palest mauve. The gown is drawn in at the waist by a band of the embroidered velveteen, which is continued in two long ends to the hem of the skirt, where it is finished with silk fringe. The back of the skirt, falling in long graceful folds, forms a very pretty train. The deep turn-down collar is handsomely embroidered, being ornamented by a ruffle of beurre colored guipure lace.

The large bishop sleeve is drawn into a band of the embroidered velveteen, finished by a deep ruffle of the guipure lace.

A very stylish walking gown was made of dark blue serge. The full skirt hangs in graceful folds, and is without adornment.

The jacket bodice has a deep cutaway basque, and is fastened over the chest with smoked pearl buttons. The deep turndown collar and large pointed revers are fastened back with pearl buttons. The waistcoat is of white satin, the neck being adorned with a ruffle of beurre-colored lace, ending in long cravat ends, which fall below the jacket. The sleeves are large gigots.

The hat worn with this costume is of dark blue straw, having a cluster of poppies on the left side resting on both the crown and brim, while two large loops and a pointed end of shot ribbon, secured by a fancy buckle, fall on the right side of the brim.

Another gown is made of mauve cloth, and trimmed with a handsome jet passementerie and beurre colored lace. The wide skirt is ornamented by two bands of passementerie on either side, falling from the waist line to the edge.

The snugly-fitting bodice has pointed revers, covered with passementerie, which roll back to display a charming vest composed entirely of the jet passementerie. Fan-shaped pleatings of beurre colored lace droop from the shoulders under the revers, extending a few inches below. The mutton-leg sleeves are finished at the wrist by a pointed cuff of the passementerie. The draped belt is made of black satin. The draped collar is made of beurre-colored lace, being finished at the back by deep ruffles of the lace falling in jabots, while projecting ears of passementerie enrich either side.

An all black hat looks exceedingly well with this gown. A black velvet hat trimmed with large loops of velvet, ornamented with fancy rhinestone and pearl buckles and many black ostrich feathers, would be a charming hat to wear with this gown.

A very stylish gown is made of bronze green wool corduroy, and trimmed with smoked fox fur and printed velveteen of Indian design. The full flaring skirt is embellished at the edge by a band of fur.

The full bodice crosses over a chemisette of the printed velveteen. Slashed epaulettes of the corduroy, edged with fur falling over the sleeves are adorned at the shoulder point by a Persian button. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are trimmed at the wrist by a band of fur. The collar band is made of the velveteen, edged with fur. The belt is made of black satin.

The hat worn with this charming gown is black felt, enriched at the back with black ostrich plumes, while the front and sides are enriched with large choux of shot glace silk in two shades of green.

For the last year many of the Paris and New York modistes have endeavored to revive the long sloping shoulder effect, but as there are so few women who can wear this style, it has found little favor with the public, and the square shoulder effect still prevails, which is exceedingly stylish and suits most figures.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Rump Steak, a la Francaise.—Broil a rump steak till half done. While the steak is cooking, put into a saucepan three or four spoonfuls of gravy, a glass of port pine, a spoonful of vinegar, a slice or two of onion and a seasoning of pepper and salt. Cut the steak into square pieces and put them into a saucepan with the gravy, and let it simmer slowly for half an hour, closely covered. Serve with the gravy poured over it.

Cream Sauce.—One-half cup each of cream, wine and sugar, and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Mix the cream, sugar and wine, and whip it without skimming off the froth. Add the beaten white of the egg and beat all together.

To Boil a Turkey.—Take a young turkey weighing six or seven pounds; clean and rub well with salt, pepper and lemon juice, and stuff with bread, butter, salt, pepper and minced parsley. Skewer up the legs and wings as if to roast; flour a cloth and pin around it. Put into boiling salted water with one-quarter of a pound of salt pork. Cook slowly till tender, but not long enough for it to fall to pieces. Allow twenty minutes to the pound. Serve with oyster sauce made according to following directions: Parboil one pint of oysters; drain and put the oysters where they will keep warm. Put one heaping tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan; when melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour and mix well. Add the hot oyster broth a little at a time and stir rapidly as it thickens; season with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Now add the oysters and stir in quickly the yolks of two eggs, beaten with a glass of wine, just as you remove it from the fire.

Turkey Soup.—The remains of turkey make a good soup. Break the bones and put them into a kettle, with all the little bits left of a dinner, and the gravy and remnants of chicken. Cover with about three quarts of cold water, add a small onion sliced, and simmer slowly two or three hours. Strain and set the liquor away until the next day. Remove the fat, put the liquor on to boil, season with salt and pepper, and add two tablespoonfuls of well-washed rice. Boil gently until the rice is tender. About five minutes before serving add some minced parsley. Do not use any of the stuffing, as it absorbs the oil and gives a strong, disagreeable flavor to the soup.

Soupe a l'oignon, the soup of the French peasant, is about as simple a soup as one could possibly have. The French consider it highly restorative when made only with water, and it is acknowledged that onions possess a considerable quantity of nourishment. The method of preparing is as follows: Slice some Spanish onions and fry them a golden color in plenty of butter, then add a small spoonful of flour; stir well, and moisten with as much stock or water as you want soup. Bring to the boil, and let the whole simmer till the onions are thoroughly done. In the meantime cut up some bread into fingers one-fourth inch broad and one and one-half inches long, and place them on a buttered tin in the oven till they are a light brown color, then put them into the tureen, and, when ready, pour the soup over them and serve with grated Parmesan cheese handed round on a separate plate. This soup may be varied by passing the onions when done through a hair sieve, and afterwards boiling some French tapioca in the soup. In this case no flour should be added at the commencement, and, of course, the pieces of bread and the grated cheese are not necessary. With all these soups, not counting the latter, square croutons of bread fried in boiling fat should be handed round at the same time.

For turnip soup both white stock and milk are required. Cut up three good-sized turnips in slices and put them in a saucepan with one ounce of butter, previously melted, and a rasher of bacon cut in dice. Let all cook very slowly for half an hour. Then melt one and one-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, mix with it the same quantity of flour, and add gradually a pint of milk and water, in which a carrot, an onion and some herbs have been boiled. Add this to the turnips, stir all together for a minute or two, then rub the whole through a hair sieve. Return to the saucepan, then add enough white stock to bring the puree to the right consistency. Stir till the soup boils, add pepper and salt if necessary, and just before serving add—off the fire—the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream.

The aroma of cabbage is something which the careful housewife dreads. Yet cabbage is made into a delicious dish in France, and all the odor of cooking is dispelled at once. First wash the cabbage well and let them steep for a little while in salted water; then drain them well in a colander, after which throw them into fast-boiling water, and let boil sharply in an uncovered pan till tender. The cabbage should, before soaking, have been well trimmed, all the stale leaves and as much as possible of the stock removed. If very large the cabbage has to be cut into four pieces. They must be lifted out of the water the moment they are cooked, into a colander, with a plate over them, and allowed to drain thoroughly before they are served. The time they take to cook naturally varies according to their size and age.

Nutriment in Eggs.—Eggs are a good substitute for meat, and pound for pound, are more nutritious than beef. An averaged-sized egg weighs a thousand grains, and six large eggs weigh a pound. A dozen eggs may therefore be considered a full equivalent to two pounds of beef, as the shell, constituting about a tenth part of the weight, is less in proportion than the bone of beef. The percentage of water in eggs and fresh beef are about the same—seventy-five percent in each. The white of an egg, weighing about 600 grains, is mostly albumen, and has a close resemblance in its chemical properties to the fibrine of beef or glutin of grain, and, so far as nutrition is concerned, may be considered identical with these substances. The yolk, weighing 300 grains, is composed in its dry state of one-third albumen and two-thirds oil, and therefore comes nearer to meat as food, having fat mixed in with its albumen or fibrin.

Here are a few generally acknowledged points in regard to pastry making. First of all it should be prepared in a cool place, in winter or early spring, or at times when the general temperature is decidedly low, it is not imperative to be very careful, but as soon as the thermometer rises, in nine cases out of ten, failure is the result of too great heat. The flour, too, should be absolutely dry, and the butter well pressed and freed from all the surplus moisture. To this end it is advisable, especially in summer, to wash the butter that is needed for the preparation of the pastry in fresh water over night, to roll it tightly in a clean, dry cloth, to beat it gently with a wooden roller, and to place it on a slab in a cool larder till the time when it is to be used. The knife or cutter must be perfectly sharp, to avoid jagged, untidy edges; and when the pastry is brushed over with egg or water, as the case may be, care should be taken that none is dropped on any other part of the pastry than that on which it is needed as a gloss; for experience distinctly teaches that even such a little thing is detrimental to the proper rising of the dough. Lastly, the oven should be kept well closed to insure a perfectly even heat, otherwise the pastry will fall in on the side where the heat is not so great, and present an unsightly appearance.

Canned Quince with Apple.—The proportions are a half peck of quinces to a half bushel of fine sweet apples. Prepare the quinces as above, and cook the wasta, saving the water. In this water cook first the apples, which have been pared, cored and cut into eighths, till they are moderately tender. Slice the quinces quite thin, and boil in the same water till they can be easily pierced with a fork. Drain and weigh the quinces and apples, placing them together. For each pound of the fruit allow half a pound of white sugar, and place it in the juice, bringing the resulting syrup to a boil. At that point add the fruit, which should be nearly covered by the syrup; if the latter is scant, add sufficient boiling water. Bring the whole to a simmer, and let it continue till the apples are quite soft, when the sauce is ready to be canned and sealed.

Carrots in Cream.—Wash and scrape the carrots, let them boil fifteen minutes, then drain off the water, cut them in thin slices, add boiling milk to cover them nicely, put in a generous lump of butter, and use pepper to taste. Just before serving, add salt to taste. After draining off the water, slice them in the stew pan, so they will not become cold before the milk is added. They should cook at least fifteen minutes in the milk, and great care should be used to keep them from becoming burned.

A Rich Batter Pudding.—Beat six eggs with six tablespoonfuls of flour till very light, then stir it into a quart of milk, beat them well together. Butter a dish and pour in the mixture. Bake in a hot oven an hour. Serve with wine sauce.

FISHING FOR DUCKS.—In the coves near San Francisco the fishermen are taking wild ducks in their nets. These nets extend for half a mile a few feet beneath the surface of the water. When floating on the surface in large flocks the ducks often drift against the corks that keep the nets in place, and, as is their usual habit when alarmed, they immediately dive. Once entangled in the net their struggles are unavailing. The fishermen watch the movements of the birds, and as soon as they have made a good haul they start off in their boats and gather up the drowned birds, which are shipped to market. It is said that as many as two hundred birds have been taken at one cast.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

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Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

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Recent Book Issues.

The latest issue in the neat and readable Bijou Series of short stories issued by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, is "A Bubble," by L. B. Walford. It is a tale of Scotch and English life and is most delightful reading. "A Daily Staff for Life's Pathway," selected and arranged by Mrs. S. C. Derose, contains a selection either in verse or prose for every day of the day selected from the world's leading lights. Copiously illustrated and bound in a pretty, handy volume. "The Enchanted Butterflies" is a Christmas book for children. It is a fairy tale printed on calendered paper in new and unique type. Beautiful pictures ornament almost every page. A suitable prize for a child. "The Children's Book of Dogs and Cats" is another storehouse of pleasure for the young. Besides the very interesting stories of these favorite animals it has numerous full page plates after water-color paintings by leading artists. The colored decorative borders and vignettes too are most dainty and beautiful. As grand a novelty as it were possible for taste and art to put forth is "The Calendar of Roses and Pansies" for 1896. These are fac-similes of water-colors by N. A. Wells and H. D. La Fraik. The designs are the perfection of beauty and neatness. All the above are published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York, and are for sale by John Wanamaker.

A very entertaining gift for little girls is the "Prince and Princess Paper Dolls," printed in beautiful colors after original designs, and intended for cutting out and mounting as playthings for the children. The dolls include a Spanish Princess, of 1492; the Prince of Wales, when a child; the Dauphin of France, 1739; an American Princess, and many others. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

A very interesting novel on all grounds is "Zoraida," a romance of the harem and the Great Desert, by William Le Queux, a new English writer whose splendid works have put him in the forefront of the writers of the day. Apart from the thrilling plot and its striking character in Arabian, French, Algerian and English civil and military life, it furnishes an abundance of details of manners, customs and ideas about the people of the East, that give it further worth. A large number of very fine illustrations is an additional recommendation, and its fine printing and binding may also be mentioned. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The November number of "The Cosmopolitan" opens with an illustrated poem by Harriet Prescott Spofford, entitled "The Tourney." Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, contributes a timely article on "Taking the Police out of Politics." I. Zangwill, the popular young English writer, has a strong Jewish story entitled "Joseph the Dreamer." Another complete story is "A Tragedy of South Carolina," illustrated. Among other articles are "The Story of the Samoan Disaster," "The German Emperor and Constitutional Liberty," etc. Published in New York.

With the November "Century" the magazine set out on the second twenty-five years of its career. The event is celebrated by a special artistic cover, a new dress of type of individual cut, an editorial apropos of "The Century's Quarter of a Century," and a table of contents indicative of the aims of the magazine as an encourager of literature and art, and as an advocate of progress in political, social and intellectual things. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new story, "Sir George Tressady," is begin in the number, introducing the readers to an election contest in England, and to life in a typical English country house. Bret Harte is represented by a short story of Spanish character and California scenes. The special articles are of the usual high character. Published at New York.

The November number of "Cassell's Family Magazine" offers in the way of fiction installments of two deeply interesting serials, illustrated, two complete stories, and many illustrated articles. There are also one of Burns' songs set to music, a paper on "Ornamental Chocolate Dishes," "The Art of Washing" and many other articles of interest. Published at New York.

The complete novel in the November issue of "Lippincott's," "In Sight of the Goddess," by Harriett Riddle Davis, deals with life at the Capital. The miscellaneous articles are many, varied, and all by writers of name and ability. The poetry of the number is by Carrie Blake Morgan, Grace F. Pennypacker, and Frederick Peterson. Published in this city.

The November issue of "St. Nicholas" begins a new volume and gives a foretaste of the features provided for the coming year. Fanny L. Brent has a pretty story, "Riches have Wings." "Reading the Book of Fate," by Louise Willis Snead, describes the fortune telling and flower games played by the children of the South. "Launching a Great Vessel" is a deep problem in mechanics as well as an impressive sight, illustrated by F. Creason Scheil. "The Swordmaker's Son," by W. O. Stoddard, is a story of life in the Holy Land during the reign of Christ. Mr. James Otis' serial, "Teddy and Carrots," is continued and grows in interest. Published at New York.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

DURING the first decade of my residence in India writes an ex-English official I was for some years associated with a wealthy banker named Lalla Muttra Pershaud, the Lahore agent of the great banking house known as "The Seths of Muttra," and from him I learned a great deal about the system of hoarding practised in all ages by the wealthy classes of India.

He died at Brindabun about 1867. It may be explained that the title "Lalla" as used by native bankers has no exact equivalent in English. It might with equal propriety be translated Master, Professor, or Banker.

Both in ancient and in modern times, one of the stock objections of European nations against trade with India has been that that country absorbs a large amount of the precious metals, which she never disgorges.

It has naturally been asked what becomes of these treasures, for we do not find in India that abundance of either gold or silver which might naturally be expected; and the reply has always been that they are withdrawn from circulation as currency by being hoarded. For ages it has been a prevalent opinion in all Eastern countries that there is a vast amount of treasure hidden in the earth, which, unless found by accident, is entirely lost to man.

Regarding the hoarded wealth of the last century, I need not quote the well-known story of Lord Clive and the treasures of Moorshedabad, as narrated in Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. That may be considered ancient history. The columns of the Statesman afford proof of the system of hoarding still practised in Bengal by the most enlightened managers of an estate in the most enlightened province of the Empire.

About seven years ago, in the course of the action for defamation brought against the Statesman by an ex-tutor of the late Maharajah af Burdwan, a deal of evidence came out about the hoarded treasures of Burdwan. When such is the case on a great property which has only been under the enlightened influence of the British Government, what may be expected from the States of the semi-independent Princes of Upper India? Let the following illustration suffice.

When up-country last year I heard that Chowringhee Lall, manager to Lalla Muttra Pershaud, already mentioned, was in Gwalior on some temporary business, and I called on him, as an old friend, at a place in the Lushkar, where he was residing. Among other subjects, we discussed the action of Government in closing the Mints, and I asked his opinion about the possibility of a gold standard for India, and mentioned the fact that certain members of the Currency Association considered that fifty millions sterling of gold would be sufficient to provide India with a gold currency.

The Lalla laughed the idea to scorn, and assured me that fifty millions would not suffice to replace the silver hoards of even one State.

"You know," he said, "how anxious the late Maharajah Scindia was to get back the fortress of Gwalior, but very few know the real cause prompting him. That was a concealed hoard of sixty crores (sixty million sterling) of rupees in certain vaults within the fortress, over which British sentinels had been walking for about thirty years, never suspecting the wealth concealed below their feet. Long before the British Government gave back the fortress, every one who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead, except one man who was extremely old, and although in good health he might have died any day.

If that had happened, the treasure might have been lost to the owner for ever and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance to the hoard, which was most cunningly concealed, and, except that entrance, every other part was surrounded by solid rock.

So the Maharajah was in such a fix that he must either get back his fortress, or divulge the secret to the Government, and run the risk of losing the treasure for ever. When the fortress was given back to the Maharajah, and before the British troops had left Gwalior territory, masons were brought from Benares sworn to secrecy in the Temple of the Holy Cow before leaving; and when they reached the Gwalior railway station they were put into carriages, blindfolded, and driven to the place where they had to work.

There they were kept till they had opened out the entrance into the secret vault; and the hole built up again, they were once more blindfolded, put into carriages, and taken back to the railway station and re-booked for Benares under a proper escort.

Such is the purport of the story told to me. When I ventured to doubt its truth, and suggested that if the hoard had any existence in fact, sixty lakhs instead of sixty crores would be nearer the amount, Chowringhee Lall laughed at my ignorance, and declared that what he had told me was fact. He added that, although that particular hoard was the largest, there were several smaller ones, varying from sums of fifty lakhs to five and ten crores, some of which the Government got to know about, and had obliged the present Board of Regency to invest in Government of India bonds.

On this I pointed out that such hoarded wealth could not be reconciled with the known revenue of the Gwalior State, even if the whole could have been hoarded for a generation. Chowringhee Lall then explained to me that these hoards were not accumulated from the revenues of the State, but were the accumulations of the plunder gathered by the Mahratta armies in the good old times when the Mahrattas systematically swept the plains of India, and that, Gwalior being their capital, the whole of their vast plunder was accumulated and hoarded there.

Chowringhee Lall went on to tell me that for generations before the rise of the British power, his ancestors had held the post of Treasurer in the Gwalior State, and that after the British had annexed territories around Delhi, one of his great grandmuncles had retired from the post of Treasurer of Gwalior with a fortune of twenty crores of rupees (twenty millions sterling). By great good fortune, all this money was quietly got into British territory, he declared; and fifteen crores of it are at this day bricked up in a secret vault under a Hindo temple, dedicated to the goddess of wealth in the holy city of Brindabun.

"Now," said the Lalla, "if the Treasurer could accumulate so much, what were the accumulations of the State likely to be? The treasures of Gwalior form but a very small amount compared with the total of the known concealed wealth of India. All the silver would be brought out and replaced by gold directly the British Government decreed a gold currency for India.

"Five hundred millions of gold would be absorbed and concealed before a gold currency had been twelve months in circulation. Europeans, even those who have been in the country for years, have no idea of the hoarding propensities of even well to-do natives, without counting the more wealthy bankers and traders. For example, my wife," said the Lalla, "has more than three lakhs of rupees hidden for fear of my dying before her, because I am much older than she is, and we have no son alive to inherit my property. And I know nothing about the place where this money is concealed."

On this I asked how natives managed to accumulate so much wealth, and the Lalla replied: "Natives don't spend like Europeans. Take the house of any well to do native merchant with an income of, say, a thousand rupees per month, and at the very outside, fifty to a hundred rupees would purchase the whole of the furniture in it. Beyond a few purdahs (curtains) and beds, furniture in the European sense does not exist. Even the very wealthy, although they may have a carriage and horses, possess neither books nor pictures nor any expensive works of art; and when a feast is given to their friends, a piece of a plantain leaf serves each guest for a dish whereon Europeans spend hundreds of rupees in dinner and breakfast services of fragile but most expensive china and glass ware. All this the native saves and hoards. The wealthy conceal their accumulations of gold and silver in secret vaults, all except the ornaments which are reserved for and worn by their women." I had to admit the force of all this reasoning.

"Natives don't believe," he continued, "in depositing their savings in banks or in investigating them in Government paper. No Marwaree touches Government paper except for purposes of gambling. The trading classes in the large towns do use the banks to a great extent for temporary accounts, because they are a great convenience, instead of keeping money required for current business in their houses.

"But very few natives invest their money in the European banks at interest at long dates, because they know that the stability of these banks depends on the stability of the Government. The same ideas prevail in regard to Government paper. No Marwaree buys it as a permanent investment. The Narwee merely use Government paper as a legitimate system of gambling."

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Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

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Humorous.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

The melancholy days are here;
A dreary is the country side
The chestnut trees are brown and sere,
The worms within the chestnuts hide.

The famous mountaineer was dead;
He'd climbed the mountains many times;
And when he died the people said:
"Our friend has gone to warmer climbs."

It's tough on the trapeze performer when there is a falling off in his business.

Even when the authorities arrest a pugilist, they don't seem to be able to shut him up.

"Well, I'm in the swim at last," said the sick oyster in the 15 cent stew. "Yes," replied the cracker; "and you show very bad taste on that account."

An artist gave his last work to a porter to convey to the Academy.

"Be careful," said he; "the picture is scarcely dry."

"Oh, never mind," exclaimed the porter; "my clothes are old!"

Blobbs: Wigwag's wife is an actress, isn't she?

Slobbs: Yes.

Blobbs: What kind of parts does she play?

Slobbs: Her last engagement was as a lady in waiting—waiting principally for her salary.

Snagge: Do you know, Bilkins, I think I'm a gifted orator?

Bilkins: What makes you think so?

Snagge: I've spoken twice, now, and when I sat down on both occasions the audiences were much pleased and applauded loudly.

Doctor: I deeply regret to inform you, Mrs. Skinner, that I fear your husband is suffering from incipient paresis.

Mrs. Skinner: Mercy on us! What makes you think so?

Doctor: He insisted upon paying me in advance.

"I never knew before that Skinner was addicted to writing jokes," remarked the tailor.

"How did you find out?" asked the cutter.

"Why, here's a letter from him," replied the tailor, "in which he says he will settle his account next week."

"Senator Sorghum seems mighty liberal an' fair minded in his speeches," said the man who does chores.

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "he's jes' like my hen. When we don't keer fur eggs she lays like sixty, but ez soon ez they git scarce she ain't nowhere's 'round."

Starbird: In an old book to-day I found a recipe for soup that would just suit you, Mrs Starvem.

Mrs. Starvem: Indeed! What is it?

Starbird: Take a pail of water and wash it clean; boil till it is brown on both sides. Pour in one bean; dry the water with a towel before serving.

Ragson Tatters: What's become o' Boneey?

Rollingstone Nomoss: Did'n' yer hear? Why dey had ter put 'im in de loonertic asylum.

Ragson Tatters: What fur?

Rollingstone Nomoss: Why, he swiped a box from de grocery store an carried it ten blocks, an' when he opened it it was full o' soap.

"Do you ever catch any whales, captain?" asked the fair passenger on the ocean liner.

"Often, ma'am," answered the dignified captain.

"How very wonderful! Please tell me how you catch them."

"We drop a few of the old salts on their tails, ma'am."

At Sumburgh Theatre Royal, Heavy villain, somewhat mixed: "Even a turn will worm when it is trodden upon. (Laughter.) I mean a trod will worm when it is turned upon. (Jeers.) I should say a worm will trod when it's turned upon. (Yells.) That is to say, a turn will trod when it is wormed upon. (Catcalls.) Or, rather, a trod will turn when it is wormed upon. (Uproar.) Well, if that doesn't suit you, you had better try to say it for yourself!"

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day to her family physician, "can you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?"

"Why, then, certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the faculty of speech!"

"Dear me!" remarked the old lady; "now just see what it is to have a medical education! I've asked my husband more than a hundred times the same thing, and all that I could get out of him, was, 'because they are.'"

Apropos of railway racing, a French paper tells the following story of local exaggeration. An Englishman and a Marseillais were disputing which was the faster train, the express to Edinburg or the "rapide" to Marseilles. The Southerner finally clinched the matter with the following anecdote: "Look here," he said, "the 'rapide' is the fastest train in the world, and here's the proof of it. The other day I was getting on board at Paris when the station master said something that annoyed me. My blood was up. I aimed a blow at him, when the train suddenly started and it was the station master at Avignon who had his ears boxed."

TACT.—You can't get an old shoemaker to blunder. The other day, when a weighty woman sailed into a Detroit shoestore, and, selecting a pair of No. 4's, sat down to have them tried on, the shoemaker saw that she wanted 7's. But he didn't tell her so, and start her out of the shop on a gallop. He smiled and said softly—

"Madam, all the aristocratic ladies are now wearing shoes three sizes too large for their feet, in order to have cool extremities—and of course you want to follow the style?"

She smiled like a duck in answer to his smile, and replied—

"You are in a position to know best, and I leave everything to your judgment."

When she went out she said she never had such an easy-fitting shoe on in her whole life.

NATURALNESS.—To be really and fully natural, we must have some gifts. The finest men and women—they may be, and probably are, without fame or distinction—are always the most natural, while ordinary undeveloped mortals, who claim to be particularly natural, are apt to be totally unnatural, from the lack of fair inheritance, from false education—worse than none—from ancestral sins from repression of instincts. To be natural is one thing to be a dolt, or bigot, or barbarian is another. Nature must have a fair chance at us before we can in any way represent her.

We must not avoid, combat, counteract her, we must not be conceited, priggish, or selfish, if we hope to be her disciples, or even to be on speaking terms with her. If not steadily thwarted, she will give us large sympathy, of which she is the source; and from sympathy flow tact, courtsay, justice, benevolence, love of truth.

BELONGS TO THE ROTHSCHILDS.—Wenzel Jamnitzer's golden centrepiece, the most exquisite piece of goldsmith's work ever produced, is about to be lost to Germany. It is three feet high, the upper portion, held up by a female figure, representing the earth, and was made for the Nuremberg Town Council in 1546.

The material is silver, gilded and enamelled; the artist was paid 1,325 guilden. At the beginning of the century it was bought by a merchant named Merkel, in whose family it remained till sold in 1880 to the Frankfort Rothschilds, and was known to sightseers as the Merkel centrepiece.

The late Emperor Frederick III., when Crown Prince, saw the work and obtained a promise from the owner that if it was ever sold he should have the first refusal, but he was unwilling to pay the £40,000 which the Rothschilds gave for it. By the will of Meyer Karl von Rothschild's widow, the art treasures of the Frankfort house, including the Jamnitzer piece, are bequeathed to the Paris and London families.

A JURY OF HIS PEERS.—Mr. Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case.

He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury however was composed of good solid country farmers, who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and, in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding justice turned to Mr. Paine, and remarked, "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose and, in his dry and weighty manner, answered, "No, your honor, I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the Constitution of the United States give—a trial."

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.30 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 6.09 p m.

For Reading Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.2 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 6.09 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom. 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Gettysburg Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, Sunday, 4.00 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00, a m, 3.20, 5.30, p m. Accommodation, 6.35, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.30, p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

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